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JUNE 1947

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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Vol. 34 JUNE 1947 No. 6

Contents

SPECIAL FEATURES

The Prophet Brigham Young ..... Elder William E. Stoker 363
Contest Announcements—1947 367
The Art of Poetry Writing: A Symposium of Opinions 370
We Want to Write ..... Dorothy Clapp Robinson 375
Busy Fingers ..... G. W. Staker 379
Utah Pioneer Women Poets ..... Rose Thomas Graham 387
Pioneer Stories and Incidents: III—Handcart Pioneers ..... President Amy Brown Lyman 400
Entertaining at a Cabin in the Canyon ..... Ethel Colton Smith 406
Plan for Christmas in June ..... Elizabeth Williamson 412
Divine Leadership 422
The Bright Side ..... Alice Whitson Norton 423

FICTION

It's Up to the Women ..... Norma Wrathall 380
A Place in the Country: II—The Curtains ..... Ruby Scranton Jones 397
Where Trails Run Out—Chapter 5 ..... Anna Prince Redd 415

GENERAL FEATURES

Sixty Years Ago 402
Woman's Sphere ..... Ramona W. Cannon 403
Editorial: Fine Raiment ..... Vesta P. Crawford 404
Instructions to Magazine Representatives and Subscribers 405
Notes From the Field: Relief Society Centennial Programs and Other Activities ..... General Secretary-Treasurer, Margaret C. Pickering 424

POETRY

Song of the Wheels—Frontispiece ..... Ora Pate Stewart 361
The Cycle ..... Agnes Just Reid 369
June Pageantry ..... Amelia Ames 369
Resignation ..... Etta S. Robbins 378
Transition ..... Margery S. Stewart 386
Honeymoon Garden ..... Blanche Kendall McKey 399
Sego Lilies ..... Evelyn Fieldsted 411
June ..... Alice R. Rich 414
Perception ..... Clarence Edwin Flynn 432

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. 34, NO. 6 JUNE 1947

SONG OF THE WHEELS

Ora Pate Stewart

Wheels of the prairie are singing to me . . .
Chuckling wheels, in a symphony . . .

Wheels as they munch on a buffalo bone . . .
Then take up the trail through the vast unknown.

Tired and hungry, aching wheels,
Winding the miles on their axle-reels.

Sad wood winds, like a lone tree sighing
Under its load . . . the just one dying . . .
Dying! But never to foul the grave . . .
And a new note rises strong and brave!

Wheels that carve in the stony face
Of a giant mountain the time and place
When courage passed over in wagon trains . . .
A wagon wheel marks the last remains
Of one too weary to carry on,
And a choir of wheels chants a funeral song.

Wheels that chime with a wedding tune;
Wheels that muster a staunch platoon;
Marching wheels, with a martial beat;
Tinkling wheels for dancing feet;
Wheels that echo the wild wolf's cry;
Soft wheels humming a lullaby . . .

"Song of the righteous . . . a prayer unto me . . ."
Father, accept of this symphony.

The Cover: "Into the Future," photograph by Boyart Studios, arrangement by Evan Jensen. The model is Berta Huish Christensen.

Photograph by Willard Luce

"PIONEER DAYS"
The model is Mrs. Arduf Strong of Ogden, Utah

The Prophet Brigham Young

Elder William E. Stoker

Bishop, South Twentieth Ward, Ensign Stake

[This article was written by special request in honor of the birthday of Brigham Young who was born June 1, 1801, in Wittingham, Windham County, Vermont.—Ed.]

MILLIONS readily acclaim Brigham Young the greatest pioneer of the nineteenth century. William H. Seward, Lincoln's Secretary of State, said, "America never produced a greater man." Some of his critics have said, "Without him Mormonism would have failed." But few have seen, behind the man, the power of God which made him great.

Just as "Joshua the son of Nun was full of the spirit of wisdom; for Moses had laid his hands upon him," Brigham was full of wisdom, for Joseph had conferred upon him the keys of the kingdom through the Priesthood of God. Viewing his accomplishments in these valleys, he said, "It is the Lord who has done this. It is not any man or set of men, only as we are guided by the spirit of truth." Fully aware of the powers of the Priesthood he held, he did not hesitate to speak in the name of the Lord, when occasion required.

At the death of Joseph Smith, their leader, a spirit of uncertainty was upon the saints. Various men tried to assume the Church leadership. Prominent among them was Sidney Rigdon, who claimed the right to be guardian of the Church.

On August 8, 1844, thousands of the saints gathered at Nauvoo to hear Sidney Rigdon present his claims, but they were unimpressed. Then Brigham Young, as President of the Twelve Apostles, stood up in the wagon, which was being used as a pulpit, and prefacing his remarks with, "Attention All," he proceeded to remind that vast congregation that Joseph had conferred upon the apostles, with Brigham at their head, all of the keys and powers which he, Joseph, had received of the Lord.

George Q. Cannon, a witness of this meeting, said:

> If Joseph had risen from the dead, and again spoken in their hearing, the effect could not have been more startling than it was to the many present at that meeting; it was the voice of Joseph himself; and not only was it the voice of Joseph which was heard, but it seemed in the eyes of the people as though it was the very person of Joseph which stood before them.

The mantle of Joseph had fallen upon Brigham. A sure testimony had been given the people, and from that day forward he was accepted as their leader without reservations. They had heard the voice of the shepherd, and they knew it.

The spirit and the power of Brigham Young's calling were already upon him that day in August 1844, when he said:

> All that want to draw away a party from the Church after them, let them do it if they can, but they will not prosper . . . . If any man thinks he has influence among this people to lead away a party, let him try it, and he will find that there is power with the Apostles which will carry them off victorious through all the world.

JOSEPH had predicted that the saints would go to the Rocky Mountains and become a mighty people, and he had visioned another leader bringing them to the valleys. The Lord had prepared a modern Moses, Brigham Young, for this task. He was sometimes called "the fulfiller." The man for this great undertaking must, of necessity, have been a great spiritual leader, for the saints would have followed no other.

Under pressure of the mob, the exodus from Nauvoo, across the Mississippi river, began February 4, 1846. The saints were westward bound, with the few earthly possessions which they could take with them. Their condition was pitiable. They had appealed in vain for governmental protection.

June 1846 found them camped on the Indian lands of Iowa, poor and in dire want. The United States was at war with Mexico, and Captain James Allen was dispatched to overtake the Mormons and recruit a battalion of 500 able-bodied men from their ranks. This was a test of loyalty seldom asked of any people. But, on the advice of Brigham Young, they were mustered in, and leaving their families, they began the longest and most difficult infantry march in the history of our land. To them Brigham Young said:

> Now I would like you brethren to enlist and go and serve your country, and if you will do this and live your religion, I promise you in the name of Israel's God that not a man of you will fall in battle.

He further promised them, on the same condition, that they would not be required to fight. And so it was.

Samuel Brannon, who had brought 235 saints from England around Cape Horn to California on the ship Brooklyn, met the pioneer companies on Green River, June 30, 1847, hoping to persuade Brigham to forsake his intention of settling in the barren desert and to come with him to the paradise he had found in California. Brannan predicted that the saints could not possibly live in Salt Lake Valley because the mountaineers had said that there was frost every month in the year.

Brigham replied:

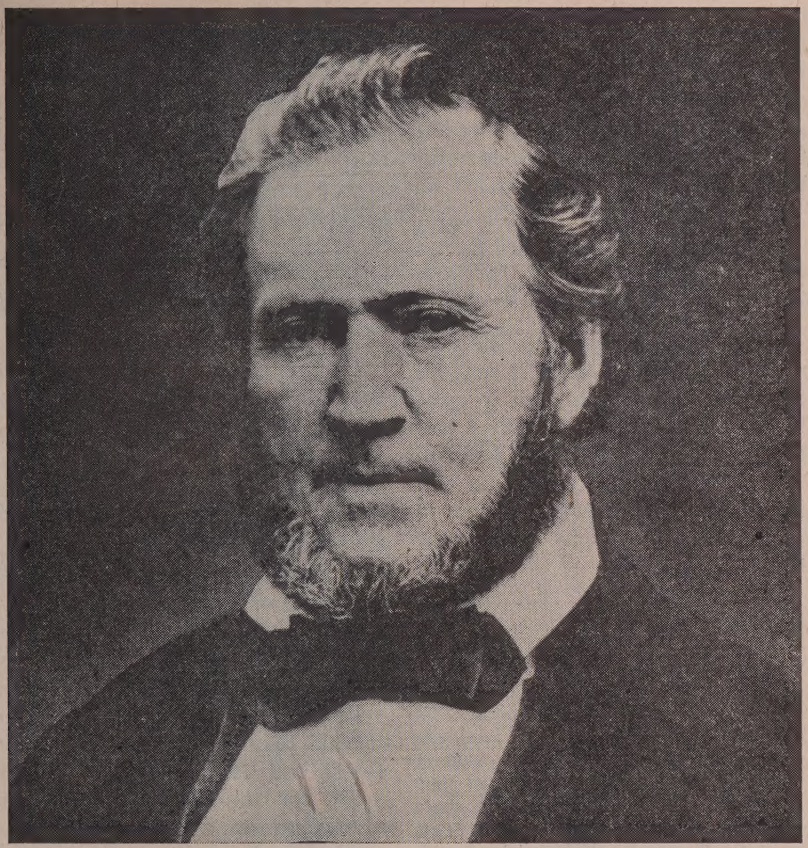
> If there is any place so poor no one else wants it, that is the place for us.

Brannon, unable to persuade his leader, returned to his California paradise, left the Church, became wealthy, and later lost his wealth and was buried in San Diego as a pauper.

July 24, 1847, when the main body of the first pioneers entered Salt Lake Valley, Brigham Young, ill with mountain fever, was assisted so that he could look over the valley from the site of the "This Is the Place" monument. After gazing intently for a few moments, he exclaimed: "It is enough, this is the right place, drive on."

How did he know? Because previously, in vision, he had seen this valley, with a tent settling down from heaven and resting, and a voice said to him: "Here is the place where my people shall pitch their tents."

He told the brethren who preceded him into the valley that they were to bear to the north after entering, that they would find a stream near which they should camp; they were to begin plowing and planting, and if the ground was hard and sterile, as reported, they should throw up a dam and let the water soak up the land before planting.



THE PROPHET BRIGHAM YOUNG

Thus was started the first irrigation by the Anglo-Saxon people. Irrigation has since proved to be the key which has unlocked the hidden wealth of the soil in the entire intermountain territory.

SALT Lake Valley was regarded by trappers as a "country God forgot." Few, if any, believed the saints could live here. Speaking of her first view of Salt Lake Valley, Clara Decker Young said:

When my husband said, "This is the place," I cried, for it seemed to me the most desolate place in all the world.

But Brigham never wavered in his faith that, under the blessings of God, the saints could live and prosper in the valleys of the mountains and raise anything that would grow elsewhere in a similar latitude.

July 28, 1847, Brigham Young pointed out the spot where the Salt Lake Temple was to be built. This temple required forty years of hard

labor in its construction, and was built in the poverty of the people. In 1853, at the dedication of one of the cornerstones, Brigham said he had seen the Temple in vision not ten feet from where he then stood. Further he said:

> I have not inquired what kind of a Temple we should build. Why? Because it was represented before me. I see it as plainly as if it was in reality before me.

After the cricket war and near famine, there came the cry of *gold* from California. This was a great test of the faith of the saints, because of their poverty. In 1848, Brigham wrote, "My greatest fear about this people is that they will get rich and forget God. Some few have caught the gold fever."

He counseled them to remain in their comfortable homes and raise grain. Said he:

> You will do better right here than you will by going to the gold mines . . . . I promise you in the name of the Lord that many of you that go thinking you will get rich, ... will wish you had never gone away from here, and will long to come back, but will not be able to do so. Some of you will come back, but your friends who remain will have to help you . . . . Here is the place God has appointed for His people.

Some could not be persuaded to remain. The lure of gold took them away from the Church and many of them never returned.

Fifty years later, the writer, as a boy, filled a mission in California and met some of these men and their families. They didn't even have the gold. One old man dropped on his knees as we were holding a street meeting in San Diego and said:

> I haven't heard those hymns of Zion for fifty years. I am out of the Church, and I would crawl on my hands and knees to Utah if only I could get back where I stood with the Lord before I left the saints.

Truly, Brigham Young was a great pioneer, but he was much more than that. He was a prophet of the living God to his generation. An apostate later wrote of him:

> He had the power to center in himself a thousand interests and a thousand hearts. No one could hear him pray and doubt his sincerity.

He invited his followers to test his teachings at the Throne of Grace, saying:

> Every man has the right of receiving revelation for himself. It is the very life of the Church. When the saints have done all they can, the Lord will do the rest.

One of his greatest gifts was perhaps that of discernment—the power to choose the right men for special assignments. As he sent these men out from headquarters to settle the valleys close by and afar off, he blessed them by the power of the Priesthood he held. He set them apart for the tasks before them, always promising them, in the name of the Lord, success in their labors on condition of obedience to the gospel of Jesus Christ.

An outstanding example of such promises was the case of Jacob Hamblin, whom he called to labor among the Indians during their early uprisings. Jacob's life frequently hung in the balance, and at times his death at the hands of hostile Indians seemed certain. But, always, his faith was unwavering in the promise of Brigham to him: "If you never shed the blood of a Lamanite, no Lamanite will ever shed your blood" —a promise, in the name of the Lord,

(*Continued on page 431*)

Contest Announcements—1947

THE Eliza R. Snow Memorial Prize Poem Contest and the Relief Society Short Story Contest are conducted annually by the General Board of Relief Society to stimulate creative writing among Latter-day Saint women and to encourage high standards of work. Latter-day Saint women who qualify under the rules of the respective contests are invited to enter their work in either or both contests.

The General Board would be pleased to receive entries from the outlying stakes and missions of the Church as well as from those in and near Utah. Since the contests are entirely separate, requiring different writing skills, the winning of an award in one of the contests in no way precludes winning in the other.

Eliza R. Snow Memorial Prize Poem Contest

THE Eliza R. Snow Memorial Prize Poem Contest opens with this announcement and closes September 15, 1947. Three prizes will be awarded as follows:

First prize $20
Second prize $15
Third prize $10

Prize poems will be published in the January 1948 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*.

Prize-winning poems become the property of the Relief Society General Board and may not be published by others except upon written permission from the General Board. The General Board reserves the right to publish any of the other poems submitted, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rates.

Rules for the contest:

1. This contest is open to all Latter-day Saint women, exclusive of members of the Relief Society General Board, and employees of the Relief Society General Board.

2. Only one poem may be submitted by each contestant.

3. The poem must not exceed fifty lines and should be typewritten, if possible; where this cannot be done, it should be legibly written. Only one side of the paper is to be used. (A duplicate copy of the poem should be retained by contestant to insure against loss.)

4. The sheet on which the poem is written is to be without signature or other identifying marks.

5. No explanatory material or picture is to accompany the poem.

6. Each poem is to be accompanied by a stamped envelope on which is written the contestant's name and address. Nom de plumes are not to be used.

7. A *signed statement is to accompany the poem submitted certifying:*

a. That the author is a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.
b. That the poem (state the title) is the contestant's original work.
c. That it has never been published.
d. That it is not in the hands of an editor or other persons with a view to publication.
e. That it will not be published nor submitted elsewhere for publication until the contest is decided.

9. A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

10. The judges shall consist of one member of the General Board, one person from

the English department of an educational institution, and one person who is a recognized writer. In case of complete disagreement among judges, all poems selected for a place by the various judges will be submitted to a specially selected committee for final decision.

In evaluating the poems, consideration will be given to the following points:

a. Message or theme
b. Form and pattern
c. Rhythm and meter
d. Accomplishment of the purpose of the poem
e. Climax

11. Entries must be postmarked not later than September 15, 1947.

12. All entries are to be addressed to Relief Society Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest, 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City 1, Utah.

Relief Society Short Story Contest

THE Relief Society Short Story Contest for 1947 opens with this announcement and closes September 15, 1947.

Three prizes will be awarded as follows:

First prize $40
Second prize $30
Third prize $20

The three prize-winning stories will be published consecutively in the first three issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* for 1948. Prize-winning stories become the property of the Relief Society General Board and may not be published by others except upon written permission from the General Board. The General Board reserves the right to publish any of the other stories entered in the contest, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rates.

Rules for the contest:

1. This contest is open to Latter-day Saint women—exclusive of members of the Relief Society General Board and employees of the General Board—who have had at least one literary composition published or accepted for publication.

2. Only one story may be submitted by each contestant.

3. The story must not exceed 3,000 words in length and must be typewritten. (A duplicate copy of the story should be retained by contestant to insure against loss.)

4. The contestant's name is not to appear anywhere on the manuscript, but a stamped envelope on which is written the contestant's name and address is to be enclosed with the story. Nom de plumes are not to be used.

5. *A signed statement is to accompany* the story submitted *certifying*s

a. That the author is a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.
b. That the author has had at least one literary composition published or accepted for publication. (This statement must give name and date of publication in which the contestant's work has appeared, or, if not yet published, evidence of acceptance for publication.)
c. That the story submitted (state the title and number of words) is the contestant's original work.
d. That it has never been published, that it is not in the hands of an editor or other person with a view to publication, and that it will not be published nor submitted elsewhere for publication until the contest is decided.

6. No explanatory material or picture is to accompany the story.

7. A writer who has received the first prize for two successive years must wait for two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

8. The judges shall consist of one member of the General Board, one person from

the English department of an educational institution, and one person who is a recognized writer. In case of complete disagreement among the judges, all stories selected for a place by the various judges will be submitted to a specially selected committee for final decision.

In evaluating the stories, consideration will be given to the following points:

a. Characters and their presentation
b. Plot development
c. Message of the story
d. Writing style

9. Entries must be postmarked not later than September 15, 1947.

10. All entries are to be addressed to Relief Society Short Story Contest, 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City 1, Utah.

THE CYCLE

Agnes Just Reid

For weeks I toiled at some pale gossamer thing
To fashion for her coming;
Then when she stepped proudly off to school,
It was I who sewed each garment, prayer-seamed.
And at her graduation, my work adorned her
Slim young form.
Now I have sewed my triumph, her wedding dress.
How flower-like she looked beside her husband!
My work is done.
Soon she will fashion tiny garments,
For life and love go on.

JUNE PAGEANTRY

Amelia Ames

When June bends down the radiant bough
And lifts the wondrous yield
Of scintillating jewels
Upon a jasper field,
And calls the meadow lark and thrush
To open up the day
And thread the folded twilight
With silver roundelay,
June merely paints the landscape
And furnishes the song
For love's incessant pageantry
To which we all belong . . . .
Lovers new, lovers old,
Broken hearts and mended,
Living in the mystery
That is never ended!

The Art of Poetry Writing

A SYMPOSIUM OF OPINIONS

IN order to assist the women who wish to enter their poems in the Eliza Roxey Snow Memorial Prize Poem Contest, the following short articles on poetry technique are presented. The authors of these suggestions are some of the poets who have been winners in previous contests. —Ed.

POINTS TO CONSIDER BEFORE ENTERING A POETRY CONTEST

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

First Prize 1942; 1946
Second Prize 1939; 1947

BE sure that you have something to say which you feel very deeply. A poetry idea must come as forcefully from the heart as from the head or, perhaps, it should be more from the heart. The subject should have wide appeal.

Consider the audience who will read the prize-winning poem. Consider its taste, its interests, its dislikes. Then choose a poem which will please and not offend.

Write the poem as beautifully as your knowledge of poetry technique will let you. You would not send your child to a party in shabby clothes. A brain child should be dressed as well.

Use words economically. They are your working materials and a mirror of your inner self. Don't let them show that you are careless or wasteful.

Don't cheat in small ways or unconsciously. That is, don't use a word just because it rhymes, without checking to see if it also carries the exact shade of meaning you need.

Of course, faulty poems sometimes win contests because the judges have to choose for appeal, subject matter, current interest, and many other points; and a poem, otherwise faulty, may still fill more needs than a perfectly constructed sonnet which lacks personality. Poems are like people; it is difficult to find one that has everything.

Arrange the progress of your poem climactically, so that it climbs to a good strong ending. Your poem will attract attention if you consider these four points arranged according to their importance:

1. The last line
2. The title
3. The first line
4. The body of the poem

In any general contest where the subject is not assigned, heart appeal is almost everything if the poem is written so that it comes through to the reader.

WORDS AND THEIR WAYS IN POETRY

Beatrice Knowlton Ekman

Second Prize 1932; 1936; 1943; 1944

POETRY is emotion expressed in rhythm. Poetry is born, verse is made. Wordsworth says:

> It is the honorable characteristic of poetry that its materials are to be found in every subject which can interest the human mind.

Therefore, the raw materials of poetry are human experiences. All poetry is made from these. It is human experience, however, understood and recreated in a special way. The theme of the poet is life, and it becomes his crown.

Shelley said that poetry must be rhythmical, though not necessarily metrical. It is only the reading of poetry that can foster the love of poetry. A poem may be written in sonnet, lyric, ballad, narrative, or dramatic form, but it must have rhythm, emotion, imagination, and utterance. The sonnet is a fixed form and requires a certain train of thought and rhythm. All these forms give a vast field for the conveyance of emotion and thought, and afford good practice for the student.

A poem can express a thought, a picture, or a mood, and the beginning of a poem should set the tempo of what is to follow.

The materials for the communication of poetry are limited to only one medium, that of words; but they must be words of a peculiar pattern and grouping. The words should be chosen with just the right atmosphere to give the feeling one wishes to express — colorful words, gay words, swift words, words of inspiration, words of courage.

It is the peculiar use of words that makes real poetry and gives us the feeling that A. E. Housman so well describes in his book *The Name and Nature of Poetry*.

In order to write a good poem, one must be thoroughly familiar with the technical knowledge for handling all the tools of the craft. The knowledge of technique makes the poetic thought easier to express when it presents itself in those rare moments of inspiration that a poet feels when something comes that must be said.

In writing poetry, I would like my poems to reach the hearts of those who love beauty as I love it and those who have had the human experience that enables them to understand what I seek to portray.

POINTS TO LOOK FOR IN POETRY

Christie Lund Coles

First Prize 1944; Second Prize 1945

SINCE, to me, poetry is not so much a communication of thought as it is an emotional experience, I endeavor when I have finished a poem to see if it has emotional appeal. Or, if it is primarily

a poem of thought, I try to see if that thought has been any better expressed in poetry than it might have been in prose. If it has not, the poem should never have been written.

Poetry is brief and very compact. It must say in a few lines what would take a page or more in prose. I try to see that it is kept as brief as possible, yet is still understandable to the reader. I have no sympathy with poetry which is so complex that even a second or third reading does not yield both beauty and meaning.

I ask myself, is this of sufficient appeal to the particular type of reader who will read it? Yet, I do not often consciously *slant* my work to any group, because it is never as good poetry when I do.

I try to cut out all inversions, contractions, obsoletisms, and anything that is archaic or trite.

I try to make sure that the poem has form, rhythm, and proper meter, yet, in preserving these things, has not lost any spontaneity or simplicity. For, to me, simplicity is the keynote of all beauty. And certainly good poetry first, last, and always should be a thing of beauty to make the blood quicken and the eye mist.

Lastly, I ask, does the poem have a universal theme, and will it leave the reader moved, uplifted, and perhaps a little better for having read it?

IMPORTANT POINTS IN POETRY

Berta Huish Christensen

Tied for First Prize 1934
Second Prize 1933; 1935

SEVERAL points seem important to me in the writing of a poem, and I try to use them as guides in judging my own. However, I realize the truth in Shakespeare's comment that it is far easier to say what should be done than to carry out one's own teaching.

Originality and freshness of expression are to me prime requisites of a good poem. Most experiences of life have been written about. If there is not a slightly new approach, or original phrasing, why another poem? Unless it fills some specific requirement which would make the treatment intentional, this original phrasing should not give a bizarre or vague effect. The purpose of language is to reveal thought, not to conceal it.

Since the rhythmical flow of language is the basis of poetry, a poem should conform to a definite metrical pattern and, if rhyme is used, a definite rhyming scheme. A sonnet should be a sonnet. But this conformity should not be achieved by the use of "padded lines" whose obvious reason for being is to meet the demand of meter or rhyme. Padded lines and obvious rhyme words are the badge of the amateur. As nearly as possible one should use the exact and most suitable word for the meaning intended.

I feel that the length of a poem should be in keeping with the nature and importance of the theme. Brevity in poetry is a precious and desirable quality.

A certain amount of accuracy and

consistency in making analogies is a point which I think should be stressed. Confusion results from too many or mixed comparisons.

To summarize concretely, one might express the essentials of good poetry in this manner:

Originality—but not vagueness
Conformity—but with no "padding" for meter or rhyme
Brevity—without sacrificing clearness
Simplicity—but not triteness
Sentiment—but not sentimentality
Length—according to the importance of the theme

I think that a poem should do something to the reader—otherwise why waste time on the writing or the reading of it? Therefore, the aesthetic effect, although an illusive thing to describe, is important. It seems to me that a poem should stimulate thought, enlarge appreciation, or enrich the soul by giving an emotional lift. Always in a good poem there is something to remember.

POETRY IS A CRAFT

Anna Prince Redd

First Prize 1938

POETRY is a craft. But a poet is not a craftsman until he has learned all the techniques that will help him perfect his art. When there are so many sources from which these techniques may be learned—textbooks, writers' magazines, workshop groups, correspondence courses—it is inexcusable for verse writers not to know them. Yet there are many who do not. They go on using outworn phrases, contractions, inversions, and shoddy poeticisms, and then they grieve because their verses do not win contests, or sell to any of the hundreds of verse markets open to them.

The reason for this is that many aspiring poets are shock resistant. They refuse the impact of self-criticism, relying upon the delusion that the enumerated faults of which they read apply to the work of others, never to their own "inspired" lines. Once we learn that these pitfalls apply to us—and do something about it—we commence to have our poems published and to win contests. We eliminate 'tis and 'twas, and all the other objectionable contractions. We say things directly, without inverting the thought for the purpose of a lazy rhyme; we strive for new and vivid phraseology, for clarity, and for that quality of emotion required to make a poem out of what would, otherwise, be just verse.

Verse has been described as words arranged according to some conventionalized repetition. Poetry is verse which produces a deep emotional response.

One of the things that judges look for in contest poems is a quality which produces this "deep emotional response." Verse may be technically imperfect, yet produce this satisfying response. Poetry of distinction and excellence has both technical perfection and emotional appeal.

Poetry transcends verse. It builds upon it, going back into the realm of clarified experience, or the longing

for experience. To write poetry requires work. One cannot lack the capacity for work and accomplish anything worthwhile. Revision is a necessity. Study, and revise again! What you read applies to you. Let there be, "more poetry in life, more life in poetry!"

A FEW POINTS IN EVALUATING A POEM FOR A CONTEST

Dorothy J. Roberts

First Prize 1943

A POEM is basically emotional-spiritual, not a rhythmical scientific treatise nor a rhymed philosophy. It should be made alive by some soul quality which seems to cause the reader's heart to leap in response. Study the great poets for help.

There must be a breath of newness, something fresh in mood or outlook, in word or phrase or form, which transmits the peculiar flavor of you.

Subject matter is not as important in determining the value of a poem as are mood and treatment. The everyday things that make up the average life are rich in material. Use the plainest objects of home and garden for bold and startling effects. A safety pin, a snail, or a dandelion may as effectively inspire a poem of grace and dignity as a mountain or a sunset.

Something should be left unsaid to intrigue the reader's imagination. Your "I's" and "me's", when published, are no longer strictly your personal pronouns. Let them grow beyond you until they include your unknown kin of experience and emotion. Then allow these readers to realize their own spiritual connotation for the physical symbols you present.

There should not be too many weighty words in a line. Space heavy, significant words in smooth-flowing settings of simple, musical phrases. Weave garlands of words, search for fitting and unusual action words and adjectives. Paint scenes with your words. Use color—amethyst, mauve, umber.

Take care that the picture and similies agree. Brooks and Warren, in their book *Understanding Poetry*, criticize, as confusing, the poet who depicts a plant as both a suckling child with its mouth pressed to the earth, and as a woman with decorated hair, and with her arms raised in devotion.

Cherish optimism and faith. Your outlook will be reflected in the essence of your lines, whatever flower-laned or cloud-hung ways your thoughts may take en route to the finale.

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We Want to Write

Dorothy Clapp Robinson

[It is hoped this article may prove helpful to Latter-day Saint women who plan to enter the annual Relief Society Short Story Contest.—Ed.]

IT might be well to state, here and now, that any similiarity between the content of this article and an original idea is purely accidental. Neither does it claim to carry the stamp of authority, but it presents gleanings from study and experience which have helped this author; and that brings us to the question: What is a story?

There are, apparently, as many definitions of a story as there are writers. A simple pattern, one that is workable and high on the preferred list is: Character, conflict (struggle), solution (attainment).

Simple, isn't it? But the catch is to so integrate these elements that the reader will not be aware of any pattern in the story. If this is done, the finished product will be simple, direct, unified, with a single emotional effect.

Why use a pattern? For the same reason you would use one in making a dress, that the result may be more sure, better proportioned, and more pleasing to the senses. We know there are women who sew without using a pattern, for their dresses are proof of it. On the other hand, there are women to whom the pattern is everything. Somewhere between these two extremes is the woman who makes a pattern serve her purpose, but adds to it her personal taste and her artistry. The result, then, is original and attractive. Sometimes it is a masterpiece.

So with a story. There may have been strong stories written without the use of a pattern, but they were not written by amateurs. More likely the pattern has been so skillfully hidden that the casual reader thinks there isn't one.

Character is the writer's first consideration. For all practical purposes, there is no story until there is at least one character. The way the struggle progresses will depend entirely on the person who is doing the struggling.

Three women are widowed and each has a child. One parks her child with her mother and goes out and hunts a job so she will have a check on Saturday night. Another borrows money, hires her mother to care for her child, goes back to school and eventually becomes an executive. The third woman sends her child to the neighbor's, spends her last dollar for a new hat and goes out and gets herself another man. See what is meant? Each woman will solve her problem according to her intelligence, her initiative, and her background.

So let us have characters first—strong characters who are not echoes but individuals. You need not be too specific about personal appearances, for some readers do not think pearly teeth and golden hair are beautiful. What readers do want to know is how your character feels and why.

"Jane is a charming hostess," is not only a trite expression but it does not say one thing about Jane. The same thing could be said about two hundred forty-seven other hostesses. How is Jane different? We do not want to be told, either. We want to see why Jane is Jane and not Dora. To be able to characterize successfully, one should have a love of people and know a little, at least, of practical psychology.

The story should be told from the *viewpoint of one character*. If it is Jane's story, all action must be seen, and heard, and felt through the eyes and ears and heart of Jane. We do not switch viewpoint in a short story; and in a three-thousand-word story the viewpoint character and two or three minor characters are all that can be handled without awkwardness. Usually the viewpoint character is the main character. She, or he, should be a strong, likable person, but not without faults. A person who knows all the answers does not need our sympathy.

The conflict, or struggle, your character is facing should be simple rather than complex, but it should be worthy of worry. While it is an individual's problem, it should be significant enough so that it will have some of the earmarks of universality. If Jane is struggling to get money to buy a new electric stove, she must have some more urgent motive than the looks of her kitchen if she wants reader co-operation. But if the grate is burned out of her old Monarch, and she is baking cookies to send her son to college and, besides, she has to chop her own wood—we are really going to struggle with her and enjoy it. The deeper the writer probes into the basic conflicts of life, the stronger her story will be, other things being equal, of course. While problems are more or less universal, the application of them should be original and distinctive.

IN a three-thousand-word story the characters, the setting, and the problem should all be clearly defined in the first five hundred words or less. The other twenty-five hundred should be used in building up to the climax. Sometimes, for the sake of suspense, the conflict is not stated specifically at first. We may be given only a hint as to its nature, but we *feel* it from the start.

The story may be carried forward by one of two methods: straight narrative, where the author tells events in their chronological order, or by a series of graphic incidents. The first method has more or less lost its appeal for modern readers. Not more than three or four incidents should be featured in a story of three thousand words.

The first, or opening incident, may be told in detail, for by means of it the reader is getting acquainted with the characters; he is getting a picture of the background and the feel of the problem. The first incident makes or breaks the story to a large extent. If it is well done the reader will want to follow through to the end.

The following incidents may be given with fewer particulars, for now that we, the readers, are acquainted with the characters and the setting, we can supply some of the details ourselves. The crucial incident, however, the one that climaxes the action, should be specific, but every detail must serve a definite purpose.

This is true of the details of the entire story. Each incident, made up of detail, should, in a subtle way, hold the threads of the past, portray the present, and foreshadow the future, and should build increasing suspense and interest up to the climax.

The transition from one incident to another should be smooth and convincing, but as short as possible.

Time is of the essence in a short story, for in it we have a picture of but one climax from a lifetime. This does not allow for the passage of years. Twenty-four hours is sufficient time for all the action three thousand words can carry. Action covering, in effect, weeks or years can be climaxed in twenty-four hours if the writer works at it. A flashback sentence here and there will take the place of paragraphs. Another way is to cut the beginning. Someone has said, "We start a story where we pick up a dog, a little ahead of the middle." Discarding verbiage at the beginning makes for strength. However, one must be certain that all essential details are included in the final version.

The reader is quite well satisfied if, when Jane finds she must keep her old Monarch, she can get a new grate and be happy with it. If she gets a new grate and the air of a martyr along with it, that is not so good.

Style in stories is strictly an individualistic affair — something a writer acquires as a result of continued writing. Mood, that special feel each story has, is determined largely by the setting and should be compatible with the setting and characters.

In our first literature lesson this season Dr. Driggs said, in effect: "History is the record of what men have done; literature is how they felt about it." In stories we call this emotional appeal, and without it a story is just words, for the purpose of a story is not to expound, or exhort, or preach, but to entertain. We, the readers, want to be entertained through our emotions. On this one thing more than any other factor lies the story's chance of being sold. Editors often overlook weakness in structure and grammar for emotional appeal. On the other hand, many beautifully written stories become duds because they leave the reader asking, "So what?"

HOW does a writer acquire this appeal and yet not indulge in sentimentality? In all phases of a story a writer must work for a nice balance, but this is doubly true when depicting emotion. Emphasis in the right place helps to give the desired effect. Place emphasis on character if you want to arouse pity or sympathy; emphasis on setting if you are working for atmosphere; emphasis on plot if it is suspense that is wanted; and emphasis on theme if you are working to change reader attitudes and appreciations.

Did you ever hear the verse, "I'd rather see a sermon than hear one any day; I'd rather a man would walk with me than merely point the way"? That is the way most readers feel. Even in a thematic story, we do not make the point by repeating the theme but by the action of the characters.

All these things we have been discussing are more or less mechanical and can be learned if the writer is willing to work, but after all of them have been done, there still remains the hard part—breathing the breath

of life into a story, or, taking our former comparison, keeping the dress from looking homemade. The lines of a dress, harmony between material and style, the exact fitting are factors that give it style or the lack of it. Putting life into a story is largely something that is inborn in a writer and springs from her own personality.

Undoubtedly, the General Board of Relief Society, by the yearly contests, hopes to develop writers among the women of the Church. It is a forward-looking project and deserves the appreciation of all who hope to write. However, to make a plain print dress well is not too much of an accomplishment. To take fine material and make a dress that is perfect in fit and a pleasure to the eyes, to add the little touches that set it apart from the ordinary is really an accomplishment. We should produce stories that are works of art. Write and rewrite until every rough and shapeless blemish has been eliminated. Balance your story so carefully that not one sentence, or one word, can be lifted from its place and made to fit in another.

What, then, shall we look for in the finished story? There must be characters who have the stamp of individuality, a problem to be solved that requires work and tears, proportion in all things, interest from the first word to the last, and a single emotional appeal. In other words, a story should be a unified dramatic narrative with sufficient significance to make it live again and again in our memories. A good story is not easily forgotten.

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RESIGNATION

Etta S. Robbins

If this be the lot God meant for me,
His love shall direct my way;
And though my scope of action be
Secluded from day to day,
Yet I must serve with cheerful mien
That my light may brightly shine,
Though it be but a flickering candle power
That only God can define

JANET STEPHENS OF MONTPELIER, IDAHO, SURROUNDED BY SOME OF HER BEAUTIFUL HANDWORK

Busy Fingers

"She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands" (Proverbs 31:13).

G. W. Staker

TEN extremely busy fingers do the bidding of the woman in this photograph. Their mistress, Mrs. Janet Stephens of Montpelier, Idaho, is justly proud of their record. Born and reared in historic Bear Lake Valley, Sister Stephens has more than fifty years of service in the Relief Society to her credit. Fourteen years as work director of the Montpelier Second Ward Relief Society have given Sister Stephens ample opportunity to employ her talented fingers in the service of others.

To count the number of stitches these ten fingers have taken would be like counting the stars on a clear winter night. Aside from the myriads of stitches taken in Relief Society work meeting, the busy fingers of Sister Stephens have known the glory of creating articles of value and beauty too numerous to mention. Over two hundred quilts, including nine of the lovely flower garden design, have known the touch of these fingers in every stitch. Their industry has been responsible for several dozen exquisite, quilted satin baby-carriage coverlets, four crocheted bedspreads, plus many lace tablecloths, pillow covers, doilies, rugs, sofa pillows, and scarves which brighten the homes of members of her family and the homes of her friends. What joy and satisfaction these busy fingers bring their cheerful mistress as she daily bids them to do their quota in creating treasures of beauty and usefulness!

It's Up to the Women

Norma Wrathall

MARIA Frances Jennings Ware had risen even earlier than usual that morning, because this May Sunday, she was celebrating her eighty-fifth birthday. She had crept from her feather bed just as the stars were fading, and had stood at the window of the upstairs bedroom in her granddaughter's house and watched the first rays of approaching day spread over the Wasatch Mountains. She clutched a little shawl over the shoulders of her long-sleeved nightgown, but her shivering was from excitement, not from early morning air. As a special treat for the day, she was to attend the Tabernacle Choir coast-to-coast broadcast.

Maria Frances J. Ware sighed happily, looking out over her waking world, beautiful Salt Lake City. She was thinking of the days when it had not been a city at all, but just the beginnings, lacking the verdure of green trees, the spires of the Temple, the wide streets upon which early busses were starting to hum. She could close her eyes, even now, and see the groups of immigrant pioneers. of whom her father had been one, camped upon Eighth Ward Square where the Eagle Gate now arches. Some had slept in covered wagons or tents, but others, like her father's family, had lain on the ground with only a blanket for cover.

She dressed quietly, being careful not to wake her great-granddaughter, Mary Frances, whose bedroom was just under her own. Time and time again, Mary Frances had offered to trade, so that great-grandmother would not have to climb the stairs. But great-grandmother was not one to pamper herself in her declining years. She said she was spry enough for a few steps yet; besides, she liked to get a good long view from the upstairs window each morning; it sort of strengthened her for the day.

Poor Mary Frances, she was thinking, so young, with a baby, and working besides, and her husband Joe with the army of occupation in Japan. Mary Frances was very young and delicate looking, though she was seldom sick. But girls nowadays were under such a strain, dashing here and there, trying to do so many things. Lately, both her mother and great-grandmother had been worried. It was not that Mary Frances and Joe had married in haste. But he had been away so much since their few weeks of married life that the marriage had become shadowy, the baby, a tedious care to the girl. Only two days before she had told her mother, "Gee! Mom, I'm not getting anywhere, just plugging away as a steno. Today, Mr. Spindler offered me a job as his private secretary. Only he's being transferred to Denver."

She had watched her mother's face carefully. "Uh—do you think you and Gran could manage the baby for a while? Of course, I'd send the money for him. It'd be a great chance for me to get ahead, and really make something of myself." Her cheeks had been flushed

and her eyes shining with suppressed excitement.

Mary Stevens, reporting this conversation to Gran, had said flatly, "—and I don't like it. It isn't as if we couldn't manage the baby. We've been doing most of it lately, anyhow. But if she goes away like that—well, it just doesn't seem right. She'd get to going out with a young crowd. And Joe wouldn't like that! It would just lead to trouble."

Gran had answered, "You're right, Mary. And not only that, she'd grow away from her child. It's time some of these young mothers forgot about 'getting ahead' as they call it!"

Mary sighed, "I tried to show her where her real responsibilities lie. But she wants more money, so she can get more things and go out more—oh, dear!" Mary spread her hands in a gesture of despair. "Gran, see if you can't think of some argument that will convince her. I'm at my wit's end. Please!"

"Well—I'll try, but I doubt if argument will do it. Mary Frances has a stubborn streak. You know that, Mary."

Great-grandmother's only daughter, who would be Mary Frances' grandmother, had died giving birth to Mary, and so Maria Frances Ware had reared her, along with her own large family of younger boys. Now the boys were grown up and moved away. Great-grandmother and Mary Stevens had the old home. And Mary Frances had stayed right on with them through her brief marriage to Joe. When the baby was born, Mary Stevens had helped her daughter with the expense and care, though she herself, a widow for many years, worked in a store. So now Mary Frances felt that she must take a job to help pay back what her mother had given her. And, with both of them working, it fell to great-grandmother to care for the baby.

GRAN chuckled, thinking of how the other two women in the house fretted over the fact. Once, she had overheard Mary Frances saying, "Golly, Mom, it seems terrible, leaving great-grandmother with the baby like this. She's so old. She looks so frail and wispy, a breath might blow her away. When I see her, tottering around, dangling him on one hip while she fixes his bottle—!"

Mary Stevens had answered, in her quick, hurrying voice, "Yes, it is too much for Gran, but we can't do anything else. Even if you could hire a girl—which you can't—she'd want almost as much pay as you're making yourself. We're just plain lucky to have Gran, although it does seem a shame—" And they had both sighed quickly and dashed away to their respective jobs.

But Gran reflected that, lately, Mary Frances hadn't worried so much about it.

As she stood before the mirror of her large, old-fashioned oak dresser, and ran a comb through her wispy white hair, Gran remembered how she'd made it a point to tell them that, while she might look frail, being small and wrinkled as an autumn leaf, she was really as tough as hickory—of good pioneer stock, she had reminded them. She speared some hairpins into the small knot of hair. Usually, she just gathered her locks at the back, but today she had her front hair waved, having put it up on kid curlers the night before. She

prided herself upon the fact that no one had ever had to help her comb her hair, like that helpless old Mrs. Wickers who was only seventy-nine.

Now, having finished dressing in her good black silk, Gran went quietly down the stairs, thinking that maybe she had promised more than she could do, agreeing to "talk to" Mary Frances. She turned on the lawn sprinklers, and sat on the porch to wait for the paper boy to come. Maybe she would be able to think of something in the peace and quiet of the Sabbath morning.

Presently, she heard an alarm clock ring distantly, which meant that Mary would soon be racing through the house, getting the work done before breakfast. Always, Mary Stevens rose very early on week days, went through the downstairs one morning, the upstairs the next, her hair protected by a bandana. Then, she would prepare breakfast, which they ate at breakneck speed, so Mary could finish up before she and Mary Frances caught the seven-thirty bus for town. Mary Frances, meantime, well schooled by her mother, would be putting the baby's laundry on the line, her light brown hair secure under a net, her face a mask of cold cream. And the two of them would hurl snatches of orders for the day at Gran, as she stood drying the dishes and listening for the baby's waking cry. Often, she hardly listened to the orders; one would never suppose, to hear them, that she had reared nine boys and a girl of her own, to say nothing of Mary herself, and Mary Frances.

But things would move more slowly today, because it was Sunday. They would take time to eat decently. Mary Frances would take over the baby, sitting upstairs in Gran's room to talk while he took his bottle. And today, being her birthday, Gran would not even be expected to dry the dishes. She smoothed her silken lap and glanced down the block toward the house of a neighbor, Mr. Burbridge, who was bishop's counselor in the ward. He had offered to drive her and Mary to the Tabernacle for the broadcast. Then, in the afternoon, friends would call to visit and offer congratulations. It would be very pleasant.

AFTER breakfast, as she and Mary Fran sat upstairs, the baby peacefully taking his bottle, Great-grandmother rummaged through a burntwood box of clippings and keepsakes. "I like to look at these things once in a while—reminds me of people I used to know—" she murmured, holding a sheaf of clippings.

Mary Frances, on a low stool, was gazing out the window. "Well, at least, I won't have to wonder all day if I'll get a letter. There can't be one on Sunday." Her expression was a little peevish.

Gran answered crisply, "Double chance tomorrow, being Monday. Don't worry, you'll hear soon. Maybe Joe's moved to a different place. Or maybe he's missed getting his letters off on the boat. Anyhow, he never was much of a hand at writing, was he?"

"Oh, he could write I guess, if he wanted to," grumbled Mary Frances. "Sometimes, it makes me tired when people say how lonely it is for the soldiers, so far from home, and all that. But they forget about the ones waiting at home. It's no fun, either, just moping around home every evening. I might as well be sixty!"

Gran peered over her glasses. "There're different kinds of loneliness, dear. One kind, like Joe's, means being lonely for everything, even your own home soil to stand on. The other kind, like yours, is heart loneliness. It takes courage to stand either kind."

Mary Frances moved restlessly on the stool. "They talk so much about the courage of pioneer women. But I don't know! Women today have to bear just as much, in a different way."

"Exactly." Gran leaned forward in her rocker. "What is needed today is that good old pioneer spirit, applied to things now. And the women are the ones who have to have it. Men get discouraged."

Mary Frances said nothing, but moved the baby to a more comfortable position on her arm.

Gran rocked thoughtfully for a few minutes. "Women complain so much nowadays about shortages. But it's been my experience that there's hardly been a time when there wasn't a shortage of something. Reminds me of how people were told to store wheat in the early days. Brigham Young knew there would be a shortage of food, so he told the farmers of Utah to raise more wheat than they needed and turn the rest to be stored by the Church."

"And I suppose they stored lots of it? In those days, people were more obedient than now, weren't they?"

"Human nature worked then, same as now. The men put off planting this extra wheat. Some of them didn't see any need of it. A tour of the territory by Church Authorities showed that very little wheat was being raised. So, what do you suppose President Young did?"

"Golly, I don't know, Gran. What did he do?" Mary Frances was preoccupied, her mind on her own problems.

"Called on the women, of course!" Gran asserted triumphantly. "You mark my word, Mary Frances, whenever men put over a big job, or say they do, the women are really back of it. Now, you take the present time, even, with boys like your Joe, out in foreign countries. The war's over, and lots of people have forgotten that many of our boys are still away in some far-off place. But their wives and sweethearts haven't forgotten. Where would this country be without women to carry on at home?"

Mary Frances started, her face coloring, but as she opened her lips to speak, Gran continued swiftly, "But, to get on with my story, President Young called on the women of the Relief Society to see that this extra wheat was raised and stored. And he put the Relief Society president, Emmeline B. Wells, in charge of the whole thing. And the women did it." Gran's blue eyes shone behind her glasses.

Mary Frances asked, "How could they? Women didn't plant the crops, did they?" She began to be interested in spite of herself.

"No, but they organized a drive to increase the acreage, and bought wheat, raising a fund for it in different ways. And, of course, the women who lived in the country kept after their husbands." Gran's faded blue eyes were misted in reminiscence. "Your great-grandfather and I were just newly married; we lived in the country then. One thing that was done by the women of our town was to save the Sunday eggs, sell

them, and turn the money to the wheat fund."

MARY Frances stood up, and put the baby over her shoulder, patting his back gently.

"You handle that baby very well, my dear. Couldn't do better myself," approved Gran, "but I was telling you . . . everybody was interested in watching the wheat fund grow. Oh, we had entertainments, auctioned off quilts we'd made—things like that, to raise money. Well, that fall, our ward gave a harvest ball. The admission per couple was a bushel of wheat.

"Pa and I were a little late getting to the dance, because he hadn't sacked up the wheat until the last minute. I was in a dither, wanting to get there and show off my new dress. As we came to the door of the dance hall, we could hear the dance going in full swing. They had fine music, too—there were some mighty good players in our ward. I could hear the clomping of the men's cowboy boots on the pine floor, dancing the quadrille. I tried to push past the ticket taker, to see if my friend Romania was there yet, and what her dress was like. Just as he lifted Pa's wheat, I bumped into him. The sack slid from his hands. The string around the top came undone, and that bushel of wheat spilled all over the floor! Your great-grandfather's face turned crimson, and he swore at me!"

"Gran, he didn't!" Mary Frances exclaimed in mock horror, laughing as Gran went on.

"Rowen James was standing in the middle of the hall, calling out the dance in his sing-song chant. At sight of what happened, he sang out, 'Everybody down on the floor—Gather up wheat 'till there ain't no more—!' and they all fell to, gathering it, laughing and shouting. My face was red as a beet. I didn't dare look at Pa, he hated so to be made conspicuous. I hurried like mad, scooping up the wheat into my full skirt. Then, as I partly stooped to pour the wheat from my lap into a basket someone had brought, my hoops flipped up around my waist. There I stood, in my petticoats and white pantalettes. I pulled with all my might, but my skirt wouldn't come down. Everyone was laughing fit to kill, and someone started to clap. I'll never know how I ran from that hall, jerking at my skirt, my feet slipping and sliding on the wheat." Gran wiped tears of laughter from her eyes. "It took me years to live it down."

After a moment of giggling, Mary Fran asked, "How did the wheat fund turn out?"

"Oh, fine. We went way over the quota for our ward. Pa sent another bushel of wheat down to the bishop for fear that the other hadn't all been gathered up."

There was a moment of silence during which Gran and the girl looked each to her own dreams.

PRESENTLY, Gran spoke gently, "Remember, dear, it's up to the women, after all is said and done. Sometimes, the hardest part of all is just staying at home and keeping things going, little, everyday things that don't have much glory to them. I guess it would be nice to be out in front and have people saying you were prominent and wonderful, and all. It isn't very exciting to stay at home on the same old job when so

many opportunities are calling—but, goodness me, here I am, gabbing away. What I really wanted, when you came in, Mary Fran, was to ask your advice." Gran began rocking briskly.

"My advice! Whatever for, Gran?" Mary Frances spoke carefully over the shoulder of the sleeping baby.

"Well, it's about this staying home, or going on to a better job. When you get to be my age, you've got a right to get a mite restless with the same old grind."

"Why, Gran . . ."

"I've been thinking of applying for a job."

"A job? Gee! At your age?"

"Why not? They're thinking of opening up the Child Center again. This is confidential, so keep it to yourself . . ."

"Oh, I won't breathe it to a soul."

"Fine. Now, I happened to hear that they'd need kind of an elderly woman, to help tend the children. And I figure I've had plenty of experience, having raised three families, as you might say. Good pay, too. But your mother's dead set against it."

"She is?" Mary Frances asked faintly.

"Yes, she thinks my place is here, taking care of your baby. I hate to say this, but I think your mother's just a bit old fashioned. But after she told me you were thinking of taking a job in Denver, I said to her, 'And leave me here to take care of her child, when I might get a job myself? I guess not,' I said. Now, of course, I knew you wouldn't really expect me to do that, when you wouldn't even be here to help with him at all. But your mother's fit to be tied! I told her, you can put the baby in a nursery school, or something . . ." Gran waved a hand vaguely, as if the baby's problem were the least of her concern. She leaned forward confidentially, "And now, tell me, my dear, frankly, what do you think I should do?"

Mary Frances could only stare in speechless surprise, the hot color rising over her neck and face. Suddenly, Gran could not look into that astonished face, flushed and quivering with conflicting emotions. She rose and went hastily to the dresser, put away the burnt-wood box of keepsakes, and began putting on her hat.

Mary Frances stood still, cradling the baby in her thin young arms. She looked down into his rosy, sleeping face, and didn't dare look up, for fear the sudden tears that scalded her eyelids would spill over. At last she said slowly, "But Gran, how could I leave him with anyone but you? Gee! I just couldn't . . ."

"Why not?"

Fran looked up, her eyes filling. "Because I just couldn't! Something—something might happen to him. And he's all I've got—and if anything did, Joe would—" She gulped. "I guess Joe would just about die, because every letter, he says, 'take care of our boy'—and—Gran, couldn't you—I mean, really, I didn't intend to go to Denver, I guess. I mean, of course I couldn't pay you as much as the Child Center. But if I stay on, I might get a raise. And I know now I haven't really appreciated all you've done. You must think me pretty stupid . ."

Gran looked steadily into the mirror, unnecessarily adjusting the little

hat, which she'd had so long she'd often said she could put it on in the dark. She longed to put her arms around the troubled girl, but she knew she musn't make it too easy for her, yet. "Well, I haven't decided definitely, either—we'll talk it over again in the morning. Now, remember, not a word of this to your mother. I don't want her bossing me on my birthday. Sounds as if she's coming upstairs now. Where's my gloves? I never did see such a woman for getting things done as your mother. Your father used to say that he despaired of ever getting her out of the house to go anywhere until the work was all done. He said once that chances are, when her final call comes, if it should happen to be in the forenoon, the good Saint Peter would have to wait, keeping the pearly gates ajar, while Mary finished her dusting . . ." Gran rattled on, leaving Mary Frances to her own feelings.

Mary Stevens put her head in at the door. Her face was a little flushed, and she was panting, but every hair was in place, and she was dressed in a trim blue suit. "What have you two been talking about so long? Ready, Gran? I just saw Mr. Burbridge drive up."

Mary Frances went slowly on downstairs to put the baby in hi bed, and Gran whispered to Mary "I think she'll be all right now Don't worry, Mary. Like I've alway said, 'take each day as it comes Don't look too long at tomorrow.'"

They went out, across the lawn toward the waiting car. "My, it's beautiful day for a birthday," sighe Gran ecstatically. And indeed i was, with happiness everywhere sparkling in the early spring sun shine, dancing in the spray of th lawn sprinklers, and smiling in th blue eyes of the little old lady whos good black silk rustled in anticipa tion.

"So very good of you to call fo us," she murmured to Mr. Bur bridge, as she settled into the back seat.

Mary leaned forward, talking brisk ly to Mr. Burbridge. But Maria Frances Jennings Ware was too ex cited to pay attention to them. She was enjoying the fresh, dressed-up look of the people on their way to church, and the Sunday appearance of the children, walking sedately with their elders. She had always wanted to see a broadcast. Would the choir and organ sound as well as they did over the radio? And how did they go at it, anyway?

TRANSITION

Margery S. Stewart

When I was in my springtime,
I did not deign to say
"Good morrow," save to a chosen few
On the king's highway.
But now I am in my winter,
I walk abroad to see
If, mayhap, I find one or two
Who nod and speak to me.

Utah Pioneer Women Poets

Rose Thomas Graham

"Poetry is the human emotion seeking a way through the wilderness and struggle."

DRAB would have been the lives of our Utah pioneers were it not for their singers and poets. Theirs, indeed, was wilderness and struggle in sagebrush lands. But God put poetry into the hearts of these brave people, and those who expressed this poetry gave hope to the sorrowful and discouraged and received joy themselves.

Talents were not hidden under a bushel. Though poverty and hard work were the heritage of the desert, though books were few and opportunities for education limited, particularly in the outlying settlements, many women expressed themselves in poetry which reflected the courage and vitality of pioneer life, as well as the lasting beauty and culture in the hearts of the women.

Though the principal theme of pioneer poetry was the establishment and growth of the Church and the work of women as mothers and homemakers, still, many of the authors were deeply interested in national and world affairs, in history and government, in geography and travel, and in the various religious movements beyond the borders of Utah. Some of the most significant poetry portrayed the grandeur of the mountains and the beauty of the arid valleys, the color of wild flowers on the hills, and the blue depths of the mountain lakes, the peace and comfort which the "promised land" gave to the latter-day pilgrims who had spent so many years seeking a safe retreat in which to build their homes and establish the stakes of Zion.

Eliza R. Snow

Foremost among Latter-day Saint poets, stands Eliza R. Snow, the "sweet singer of Israel," sister of Lorenzo Snow, fifth president of the Church. She received an excellent education and was associated in young girlhood with Alexander Campbell and other well-known religious leaders. Thus she became interested in the philosophy of Mormonism and became a member of the Church. Having cast her lot with the saints, she followed their migrations from Ohio to Missouri and into Illinois. In every phase of pioneer history she was a leader among women, and became the secretary in the first Relief Society organization.

Eliza R. Snow has truly been called the poet laureate of Mormondom, for she celebrated in vibrant verse the history of the Church. For subject material she used the arrival of the saints in their various temporary homes and their forced departures to new locations. She wrote of events in the life of the Prophet Joseph Smith and portrayed his teachings in her poems. She told of the beauties of Nauvoo and the sadness of the exodus.

This cultured woman, frail of stature, drove an ox team part of the

way across the plains. She shared in all the hardships and ministered tirelessly to those who were ill or discouraged, those who had suffered the loss of loved ones, and those who seemed to regret leaving their comfortable homes for the precarious life of the wilderness.

Her tasks in the valleys of the mountains embraced a multitude of very different skills. She became proficient in spinning, weaving, sewing, and other household tasks. She was an ordinance worker in the temples; she cared for the sick, comforted those who mourned, and assisted all who came to her for counsel and advice.

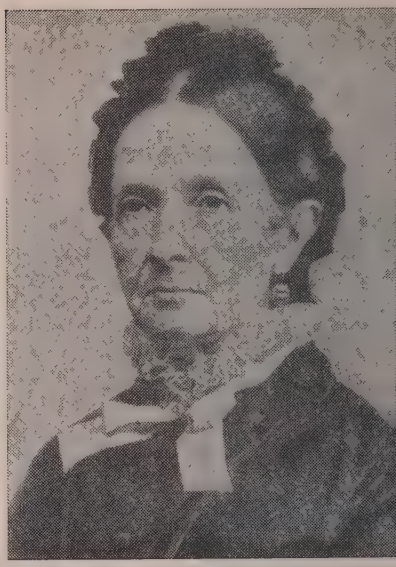
While traveling in Europe with her brother Lorenzo and other Church officials, Eliza R. Snow was greatly impressed by the beauty of the landscape and by the old buildings and the history connected with them. Her description of Florence is typical of her impressions during this visit:

> Beneath high, villa-dotted hills,
> That in succession rise
> Like rich, gemmed parapets around,
> The lovely Florence lies.

It was, however, her visit to the Holy Land that touched Eliza R. Snow the most deeply, and she was forever grateful for what seemed to her a sacred privilege:

> I go to place my feet upon the land
> Where once the Prince of Peace, the Son of God
> Was born—where once he lived and walked and preached . . . .

"Sister Eliza," as she was affectionately called, became the first General President of Relief Society in Utah, and in this capacity she



ELIZA R. SNOW

traveled extensively and delivered hundreds of inspirational addresses which, in themselves, were literary masterpieces. The development of the ideals and the great accomplishments of Relief Society became marvelous as shaped by the women of pioneer times, and the intelligent mind and brilliant talents of Eliza R. Snow contributed much to this development. In writing of the Relief Society, Sister Snow explained its mission:

> It is an institution formed to bless
> The poor, the widow, and the fatherless;
> To clothe the naked, and the hungry feed,
> And in the holy paths of virtue lead.

"O My Father," the famous song lyric written by Eliza R. Snow, is regarded as a masterpiece and its lines are known and loved all over the world, and revered by many people who are not members of the Church.

Here the simplicity of wording, the power of inspiration, and the theme of a great message are combined to make this song "the living letter of music." Charles Dana Gibson, Editor of the New York Sun, in 1897 listed this poem as first in his list of the ten best poems in the English language. The poet of the Mormon migrations, the sweet singer of the valleys, became known far beyond the boundaries of Utah.

It is in honor of this pioneer poet that the Eliza R. Snow Memorial Prize Poem Contest is conducted by the General Board of Relief Society, and the women of today who enter their poems in this contest are following in the pathway of one who sang her way to a place of usefulness and beauty forever in the hearts of Latter-day Saint women.

There's a depth in the soul, that's beyond
the reach
Of all earthly sound—of all human speech,
A fiber too sacred and pure to chime
With the cold, dull music of Earth and
Time . . . .

Hannah Tapfield King

Hannah T. King, "a leader from England," became a leader among the women of Utah, where she taught school for a number of years, and also contributed prose articles and poems to the *Woman's Exponent*.

Some of her poems were written as advice to young girls, and two books, popular with the English aristocracy, came from her pen: *The Toilet*, dedicated to "her girls" and *The Eras*, dedicated to "her boys."

Exemplifying her work, is this poem:

Courtesy, Kate B. Carter

HANNAH T. KING

TO A YOUNG LADY FRIEND

Walk slowly, walk softly, walk calmly
along,
Seeking wisdom to guide and direct;
That hereafter, when mingling in life's
busy throng,
It will plainly be seen to what class you
belong,
And may that be God's own elect.

Notable among the writings of Hannah King, is an epic poem dedicated to President John Taylor. Following the true epic panorama, the poem gives a view of Church history, detailing events from the time of the Prophet Joseph Smith to the arrival of Brigham Young's company at the place which was to become Great Salt Lake City. This poem portrays much exaltation of spirit and deals vividly with the stirring events of pioneer history. Going beyond the presentation of the

events themselves, the poet probes the hearts of the people to discover their motives and their purposes, their patriotic and religious sentiments.

Hannah King's poem "Let There Be Light," which was published in 1884 in the *Woman's Exponent*, reveals the poet's attitude toward faith in God and the relationship of faith to the world of nature:

Light . . . . what a world of wealth is light!
In all its grandeur, all its might.
Light is indeed direct from heaven,
The grandest boon to mortals given;

. . . . .

And wheresoever it may shine
It tells of life and light divine.
This genial, life-engendering light
Brings untold beauties into sight;
No blade of grass could raise its head,
No floweret leave its leafy bed,
Did not this light upon it shine,
The very breath of light divine . . . .

Sarah E. Carmichael (Williamson)

Sarah E. Carmichael, born in Long Island in 1838, was called the "Golden Singer of the Wasatch" and the "Patriot Poet." One writer speaks of her as "a spirit throbbing with feeling and ideas." At the early age of seventeen she had many ambitious poems published in newspapers and magazines. But her mind was too big; it failed her when she was but thirty. Had she, in later life, retained the brilliance of her youth, she might have been listed among the great poets of the nation.

She wrote with acute perception, with deep significance. Her work was marked by delicacy and strength.

Her poem "Moonrise on the Wasatch" shows delicacy and a tender beauty:

The wind seemed far, yet darkness was not deep . . . .

Courtesy, The Salt Lake Tribune

SARAH CARMICHAEL

The languid air crept to the rose's lips and
perished there . . . .

One of her poems, combining strength and delicacy, is "The Mines," which was greatly admired by William Cullen Bryant. He changed the title to "The Origin of Gold" and included the poem in his great collection *A Library of Poetry and Song*. Part of this famous poem is quoted below:

There's a light that burns with a quench-
less glow,
In the wide deep caverns of earth below;
Like the fire that lives on the Parsee's
shrine
Is the amber torch of the lighted mine.
Burning forever, steadily bright;
Burning forever, so still and deep,
Flickering never, a changeless light;
Proud and passionless, still and fair;
Burning forever, without a glare;
A quenchless flame in a dreamless sleep . . .

The matchless ode "Abraham Lincoln's Funeral" is considered Sarah Carmichael's masterpiece. Here great strength and vigor mingle with a deep compassion. Many critics have placed this great ode as equal, if not superior, to Walt Whitman's "O Captain, My Captain."

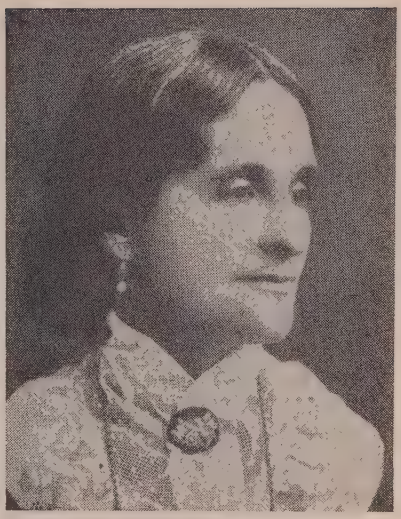
Toll! Toll!
All rivers seaward wend.
Toll! Toll!
Weep for the Nation's friend . . . .

Toll! Toll!
Bound is the reaper's sheaf—
Toll! Toll!
All mortal life is brief
Toll! Toll!
Weep for the Nation's Chief!

. . . . .

Never again—no more—
Comes back to earth the life that goes
Hence to the Eden shore!

Let him rest! it is not often
That his soul has known repose;
Let him rest!—they rest but seldom
Whose successes challenge foes.
He was weary-worn with watching;
His life-crown of power hath pressed



Courtesy, Kate B. Carter

AUGUSTA JOYCE CROCHERON

Oft on temples sadly aching—
He was weary, let him rest.
Toll, bells at the Capital!
Bells of the land, toll!
Sob out your grief with brazen lungs—
Toll! Toll! Toll!

Augusta Joyce Crocheron

Augusta Joyce Crocheron, born in Boston, was taken by her parents, at the age of two, to live in San Francisco. Years later, she came with her family to Utah and served as secretary in both the Relief Society and Y. L. M. I. A. Her mother was called "The Mormon Nightingale." Of Augusta, herself, Emmeline B. Wells once wrote: "She seemed to me to always have the wrong setting; so refined, so gentle, so desirous of everything beautiful, and yet denied them all."

She is author of three books, *Wild Flowers of Deseret, The Children's Book*, and *Representative Women of Deseret*. At the time she died, in 1915, she was also working on a story

of The Book of Mormon in verse. Following are excerpts from two of her longer poems:

LUCY SMITH

The Prophet's mother! On her breast
The sacred infant slept.
From infancy to youth, her love
Its faithful watch care kept;
And from his life—a gentle child's—
Whose earliest words she taught,
Her ear and heart with joy received
The wondrous truths he brought.

SALT LAKE CITY

All the valley lay in shadows
Cast by clouds that hid the sun;
Ripened grain fields, em'rald meadows,
Shining lines where waters run. . . . .

Emmeline B. Wells

"Aunt Em," a dear little lady who loved pale blue in a neckpiece or as a trimming and who, on April 29th, 1921, was laid tenderly away in a blue-gray casket, is well remembered by many still living.

Emmeline B. Wells was born Emmeline Woodward, in Petersham, Massachusetts, February 29th, 1828, of English descent. At an early age she had a strong leaning toward literature and did some writing. This probably led to her later profession.

In 1842 the fourteen-year-old girl was baptized, and, in 1844, her mother sent her to Nauvoo, fearing the influence of her many friends who were not in sympathy with the Latter-day Saint religion. She, however, remained staunch in her belief.

At Winter Quarters she followed the teaching profession until her journey to the "Valley" in 1848 where, almost from the time of her arrival, she was engaged in public labors for the benefit of women.

Two years after her husband, Bishop Newell K. Whitney, died, she married Daniel H. Wells, and

EMMELINE B. WELLS

spent the rest of her life in securit with her family. Annie Wells Ca non, one of her three daughters, wa a writer and well-known figure in th Church.

The *Woman's Exponent*, estab lished in 1872, was edited by Lul Greene Richards until 1877, whe Brigham Young appointed Emme line B. Wells as the second edito One year before this time, Presiden Young had commissioned Mr Wells to head the grain-storin movement among women, whic duty she faithfully performed.

In October 1910, President Josep F. Smith appointed Emmeline a General President of the Relief So ciety, a position which she held unt her release, only three weeks befor her death, April 25th, 1921.

At a Professional and Busines Women's Convention held in Mack inac Island, Michigan, in 1929, Em

meline B. Wells was voted the outstanding woman of Utah—the one who had given the greatest service to her State. On this occasion she was impersonated by Elizabeth Fitzgerald, a little, ladylike teacher of West High School, who wore Mrs. Wells' paisley shawl, and resembled her in face and figure.

On the one-hundredth anniversary of Emmeline's birth (February 29th, 1928), a marble statue of her, the work of Cyrus E. Dallin, was unveiled at the Utah State Capitol. It was the gift of the State in remembrance of the women of the State, and the first bust in Utah's Hall of Fame. At that time the bust was draped with the same paisley shawl worn by Miss Fitzgerald.

Emmeline B. Wells wrote much prose and poetry, in the *Exponent* and elsewhere. Her second volume of poems was published when she was eighty-seven years of age. The song "Our Mountain Home So Dear" is one of her lyrics.

The following excerpts give an idea of her trials, and her later joy in the security of her home and family:

SOMEWHERE

I see adown the shadows of long years
The faint dim outlines of a dreamy land....
The keenest hopes and joys my life has known,
And silent griefs which I have borne alone.

THE DEAR OLD GARDEN

My dear old garden! Still I call it mine;
And mine it is, for in its grateful shade . . . .
My children and my children's children played . . . .

A FRAGMENT

I only place my hand in thine, and all my pulses thrill to thee—
An indefinable, transporting joy which lifts my soul in ecstasy.

Emily Hill Woodmansee

Emily Hill Woodmansee, born in England, came to Utah at the age of twenty with the handcart company of 1856. She walked the entire distance of one thousand miles, pulling a handcart all the way. Writing of hardships endured, she said: "I was the youngest of eleven living children, fully enjoying privileges accorded the youngest. . . . . Truly,

I never knew what trouble was
'Til I became a Mormon. . . . .

Her well-known hymn "Providence Is Over All" speaks of her faith and trust:

When dark and drear the skies appear,
And doubt and dread would thee enthrall,
Look up, nor fear, the day is near,
And Providence is over all.

Courtesy, Kate B. Carter

EMILY H. WOODMANSEE

Lines from her poem "Misunderstood" reveal her sensitive mind:

How can a stranger in their grief take part,
Whose greatest trouble can be least explained?
How can a stranger soothe the aching heart,
Whose sorrow must be silently sustained?

Sarah E. Russell and Isabel Russell Johnson

These sisters, writing under the names of "Hope" and "Millicent," respectively, were born in Canada, where the gospel was brought to their parents by Parley P. Pratt.

Their family, with others, suffered mob violence and many trials. Isabel tells of a harrowing experience:

One morning the mob came, ordering father to bring out the whole family, saying they would kill them all, starting with the children. Without a word, Father brought out an old shawl, spreading it on the ground, then, one child at a time, and last, taking baby Sarah from her mother's arms, put her down. Facing the mob, he raised his right hand to heaven and said, "There they are. Shoot, if God will let you!" Awed and subdued, the mob slunk away.

ISABEL RUSSELL JOHNSON
("Millicent")

SARAH E. RUSSELL
("Hope")

These sisters were prominent in Church organizations in Salt Lake City; later, both lived in Mexico. Poems of each, quoted in part, present their talents:

THREE EVENING SHADOWS

By Millicent

Creeping down, creeping down,
Shadows with a golden crown . . .
'Tis thus the shades of evening fall
In youth, when trustfulness o'er all
A tender beauty throws . . .

Falling down, falling down,
Shadows with a sable crown . . .

Thus when the veil is rent apart
And troubles gather round the heart . . .

Falling down, gently down,
Shadows with a snowy crown . . .

Thus when the ills of life are past,
And that far shore is won at last,
Where shadows never fall . . .

PATCHWORK

By Hope

'Tis not genteel, they tell me now,
To make a patchwork quilt;
'Tis sign of poverty they vow,
And poverty is guilt
In worldly eyes—well let it be;
But you and I should clearer see.
I think it is a branch of art
That forms a good, important part
In home economy and joy,
And pleasant hours without alloy
May thus be spent in social chat,
While fingers fly this way and that,
Forming designs of light and shade
Until a perfect piece is made. . . .

Hannah Cornaby

Hannah Cornaby wrote:

If I am given one talent, I am accountable to the Giver for the proper use of same. . . . I write the story of my life, that my poems may be better understood. Born in England, the eldest of the family, I was early taught to love the Being who made this earth so beautiful. . . . .

Her story reveals a colorful and romantic life. Both she and her husband, through their wonderful faith, experienced many miraculous healings. A poem of nineteen pages, "Crossing the Atlantic," describes nine months of travel and hardship. She walked more than one thousand miles from Council Bluffs to Utah, but she said, "All was repaid at sight of the city of the saints."

Following are lines from some of her poems:

CROSSING THE ATLANTIC

A Reminiscence

In January, fifty-three, we left our English home,
Determined for the gospel's sake to Zion's land to come. . . . .

OUR NATIVE FLOWERS

The favored flowers of other lands
Have claimed the poet's powers;
But let our harp be tuned in praise
Of Utah's native flowers.

The hymn, "Who's on the Lord's Side, Who?" is from Hannah Cornaby's pen.

Lucinda Lee Dalton

This poet, writing under the name of Lu Dalton, was born in Alabama, in 1847. She came to Utah in 1849. She began teaching at the age of fifteen, and taught school for thirty-five years in Ogden and in several cities in Southern Utah. Her earlier years were spent in San Bernardino, California, where her father, John P. Lee, with others, had been called by Brigham Young to settle.

She was a great lover of nature, and author of many poems appearing in the *Woman's Exponent*. Following are lines from her poem "Indian Summer:"

Fair Indian Summer, mellow, calm and sweet,
Another of thy golden days is done;
In mystic silence glide thy viewless feet
While sinks again to rest thy gorgeous sun.
The herd's faint lowing from the meadow dells
Floats like an echo on the dreamy air.
The mellow tinkle of their distant bells
Suggests faint music from cathedrals fair.

Lula Greene Richards

This poet, appearing under the name of "Lulu," wrote of herself: "I was born at twelve o'clock noon, April 8, 1849, a bright, smiling Easter Sunday, at Kanesville, Council Bluffs, Iowa."

She crossed the plains when she was between three and four years of age, but she remembered the trials endured. Twice she nearly lost her

life—once when the oxen plunged over an embankment, and again when she was knocked off a boat. At this time her dress caught on a nail and a man was able to reach down and rescue her.

She wrote: "At six, I was a real Latter-day Saint." Reaching womanhood, she became a teacher in Sunday School, a secretary in Relief Society, and served in other Church capacities.

Her literary talents were discernible at an early age. She was only twenty-three years old when she was called to be editor of the new publication for the women of the Church, *The Woman's Exponent*. President Young gave Miss Greene this important work as a mission and blessed her in it. Her brilliant and well-trained mind was a significant influence in shaping the policy of this publication, and her personality and her ideals are still reflected in our Church publications. In 1873, soon after she had assumed her editorial responsibilities, Lula Greene became the wife of Levi Willard Richards, and, in 1877, because of increased family duties, she resigned as editor of the *Exponent*.

Her writing days, however, were not over and she continued to contribute to all the Church magazines and to local newspapers and periodicals as well. She became the mother of seven gifted children, among them, the artist Lee Greene Richards.

This cultured and gifted woman, who remembered the crossing of the plains, died in September 1944, at the age of ninety-five, the last of the great pioneer women poets.

Her book *Branches That Run Over the Wall* contains many beautiful nature lyrics, as well as more pretentious poems. "The Sego Lily," quoted, in part, below, is one of her best-known compositions:

LULA GREENE RICHARDS

What other flower so well could represent thee,
Dear Utah, in high courts where kings may tread,
As the white sego, which once kindly lent thee
For thy new guests, new hopes, when hope had fled!

There were other women poets in pioneer days, but these are names that appeared most often, and these selections present but few of the words they wrote. Only when a book is compiled on the subject, can early songs and poems be adequately quoted and an insight be gained into the valor and sensitivity that gave expression to "human emotion" in pioneer days.

A Place in the Country

THE CURTAINS

Ruby Scranton Jones

[This is the second in a series of five short-short stories.—Ed.]

JOHN and Ellen Martin stood at the window looking out over the two and a half acres that were theirs, or would be in the course of ten years or so. It was mid-July, and the scrawny apples on the nearest tree were turning red. A few daisies and pansies bloomed in the neglected garden.

"Our place in the country," Ellen mused, leaning her dark head against her husband's shoulder. "We have waited nine years for it, but it's worth it. Betty looks better already, and you've coughed very little since we left Chicago."

"I was beginning to think you'd have to give up living on a farm when you found that ad in the paper," John replied, putting his arm around her.

Then they turned and looked again at the room they had just finished arranging. The woodwork and floor were spotless, but the paper was faded and cracked. There was a worn blue rug, much too small, two rocking chairs, a small table with a vase of daisies, and a bright picture of dancing nymphs over the grate.

"Nice," Ellen said. "Sometime we'll have a davenport over against that wall and a bookcase in that corner."

"For our six books," John laughed.

Ellen paid no attention. "But we can have curtains now. I've saved fifteen dollars." She picked up her purse from the table and looked to make sure, and then continued, "Sheer curtains that won't shut out the sunshine—ruffled ones—don't you think, draped back?"

"Yes, ruffles, by all means." John drew Ellen to him and kissed her. "I've known we'd have ruffled curtains for nine, long years."

Ellen pulled away, a little offended. Then she laughed, too. "Let's go to town now and get the material. I could have them up for Sunday—the front ones, anyway. Some of the neighbors might come to call, you know." She picked up her purse again and started for the bedroom. "You call the children while I get ready."

As the ancient Ford turned onto the highway, Ellen looked back. "It looks much better than it did a week ago. You've done wonders, John. It'll really look elegant when the curtains are up."

The town was busy as country towns are on Saturday afternoons. There were so many cars that John parked some distance from the general store and they walked slowly along, enjoying the sights so unusual to their eyes accustomed to the streets of a big city.

The children, a little ahead, had stopped in front of a grain store. "Hurry," Johnny shouted, jumping up and down in excitement. "Come, see the puppies."

There was a window full of them, all kinds and colors, rolling over each

other. "I choose that one," the boy exclaimed, pointing to a tan and white furry ball. "He's beautiful."

It had long been a game with the children to make choices of things they saw in store windows—clothes, shoes, books, toys. Of course, they never expected to have them, but it was fun anyway.

"Which do you choose?" Johnny asked his sister.

"I like the same one. He's so soft looking and, see, he doesn't bite to hurt at all. He's just playing."

"We must hurry," their father urged. "The store won't be open much longer." He took Johnny's hand and they went on.

An obliging clerk got down bolt after bolt of curtain material before Ellen saw what she wanted. It was snowy white with tiny dots. "How much?" she asked.

"Fifty-nine cents," the girl answered, and started to unroll it.

"Twice fifty-nine—one eighteen. Six windows. Twelve times one eighteen," Ellen figured scarcely above a whisper, frowning a little in her concentration. "Yes, that will be just right."

"Where's Johnny?" Betty asked in a loud, anxious voice.

"Why, he was right here," John replied, looking around the store.

"We must find him." Ellen hastily turned from the counter and they hurried out.

THEY looked up and down the street where cars were traveling in both directions and some boys were galloping their horses. Ellen's face went white. John asked all who passed if they had seen a small boy in a blue suit. His voice was calm, but he started to cough.

"The puppies," Betty cried suddenly and ran down the street. John and Ellen followed. And there he was, his little face pressed against the glass.

"Don't scold him," Ellen whispered.

"He likes me," Johnny's voice was shrill. Just then the puppy came over and licked the glass in front of the boy's face with a bright pink tongue. "Oh, I wish I could touch him just once." His voice was low now as though he did not want to startle the puppy.

"Come," his father spoke gruffly, taking his hand. "Come, or mother won't get her curtains."

"Don't want curtains. Want to watch puppies." Johnny began to cry and pulled away.

Ellen marched into the store. "How much are they?" she asked of the man who came to meet her.

"Well, different prices. Which one do you mean?"

"The tan and white one."

"The Scotch collie? He's fifteen dollars."

"So much!" Ellen exclaimed.

"That black one is ten. The little spotted fox terrier is only three. But the collie is the best. What do you want a dog for?"

"Well, for the children—and—for a watch dog."

"The collie would be fine then. All collies have good dispositions and they grow big enough to be good watch dogs."

Ellen turned to leave and saw her son's face through the glass. It was as full of happiness now as the pictured face of an angel she had seen once in an art gallery. She opened her purse. "Here," she said, "I'll take him."

The man reached into the window and lifted out the puppy as three pairs of eyes gazed in surprise.

Ellen went out of the store and put the puppy in Johnny's arms.

"Is he ours?" he asked when he was able to speak at all.

"Yes," she answered. "Now we'll go home. Let Betty carry him to the car. You have to be very careful of puppies, you know."

The children started on, talking happily.

"But your curtains," John said. "You wanted them so badly."

"Did I?" Ellen smiled at him. She was still a little pale. "It's a bad habit I have—wanting things."

"Well, it's all that's got us this far. But you shouldn't have done it." John took her arm as she stumbled on the uneven pavement.

When she next spoke her tone was a little belligerent. "Anyway, who ever heard of a place in the country without a dog?"

"When the neighbors come to call they will probably think whoever heard of a house without curtains," John retorted.

By the time they caught up with the children, they were both laughing.

HONEYMOON GARDEN

Blanche Kendall McKey

My heart all day was a humming bird,
With never a regal song to sing—
A sun-mad fay with spirit stirred,
A tiny flame on wing.

"O gossamer flight, strain not for the blue,
Nor reach for the moving sun!"
I kissed the buds, a'sheen with dew—
The buds and I were one.

The breath of the mignonette was mine,
The gold of the daffodil;
Poor bleeding hearts forgot to pine,
And the roving wind stood still.

I heard the song of the quickened earth
In a trailing rose, arching high,
And its gentle lilt, too deep for mirth,
Seemed to reach the sky.

O silver wings, so soon to fold,
How sweet the day, how glad, how free!
I could not reach the sun, nor hold,
But the sun came down and laughed with me.

Pioneer Stories and Incidents

III—HANDCART PIONEERS

President Amy Brown Lyman

[This is the ninth in a series of true pioneer incidents to be published by *The Relief Society Magazine* in honor of the 1947 Utah Centennial celebration.—Ed.]

THE handcart pioneers included not only men and women of faith, courage, and brotherly love, but also youths and even children who, by the manner in which they bore trials and hardships, likewise demonstrated these same qualities. In the Daniel Robinson Company, which crossed the plains in 1860, and was the last but one of the handcart expeditions, there was a little motherless girl of ten years, who courageously shared responsibility with her father in the care of her two little brothers, age eight and six.

She was Isabel Siddoway, who became a much beloved mother in Zion. She married Elder Francis Armstrong, a devoted Latter-day Saint, who later became one of Salt Lake's most successful and prominent business men, and a civic leader, serving two terms as mayor of the city. Mrs. Armstrong was the mother of eleven children and numerous grandchildren who are an honor to their parents. She is represented on the General Board of Relief Society today by a granddaughter, our own Isabel Barton Callister, who is proud to bear the name of this noble ancestor.

Robert and Elizabeth Dawson Siddoway, parents of Isabel, lived in North Cumberland, England, where they accepted the gospel, and from which place they emigrated to America in 1855. They lived temporarily in the East, where the young mother passed away, leaving the father and the three little children, Isabel, Richard, and Robert, to continue the journey to Zion without her. They left Nebraska June 7, 1860, and arrived in the Valley on September 27. While this was considered one of the most peaceful and successful of such journeys, to little Isabel, who walked nearly every step of the way, it was a severe and trying undertaking. She feared the Indians, wild animals and insects, and was afraid to sleep out in the open. And she had never before known hunger and want.

Speaking of her pioneer journey, Mrs. Armstrong in her autobiographical sketch says:

> The journey being longer than we expected, our clothing, shoes, and provisions grew very scanty long before we reached our destination. Our shoes were so badly worn that at night, after a long day's walk over the rough ground, I would have to pick the pebbles from my little brother's torn and bleeding feet, as well as my own. When we were near Laramie, Wyoming, our provisions grew very short, so much so that each person was rationed to one-half pound of flour a day. Sister Hannah Capish, one of the members of our company, had some jewelry she had brought from England with her. She took it to a trading post and exchanged it for seven

hundred pounds of flour, which greatly relieved our want until we were met by a relief party at Green River sent out by President Brigham Young with 2500 pounds of flour and 500 pounds of bacon, which lasted until we reached the Valley. We were very fortunate in only having one death during our journey, and that being a little child. After arriving in Salt Lake City, we looked upon the then almost barren country, and compared it to the green fields and comfortable homes we had left in old England. Was it any wonder that we were heartsick and disappointed with our new surroundings! With a little band of people, a scattered house, and a green field here and there, very little to eat and less to wear, the first few years of our homemaking were very trying. But with one aim, and having been driven from place to place on account of our religious belief, which made us almost as united as one large family, this little band of courageous people turned a desert into the beautiful city we now have.

Sister Armstrong often remarked, with feeling, that the Mormon pioneers were the most courageous people the world has ever known. Sister Armstrong was the second president of the Daughters of the Handcart Pioneers and served a number of years in that capacity.

* * * *

Emily Wall, a beautiful young girl of fifteen years and her brother Joseph, eighteen, traveled with the Martin Company. They had left England with a blessing and a promise that they would both reach Salt Lake Valley. The brother became ill on the way, and the company thought it best that he be left behind. They told the sister he could come on later when he was better. Emily couldn't bear the thought of this. She remembered the promise made to them in England and she offered to pull her brother on her cart if only he would be allowed to go on. Her request was finally granted and, with the aid of a small girl, she pulled her brother for three days until they reached Devil's Gate. Here the rescuers from Utah met the party. A young man named William Cowley came to her assistance. William was so impressed with this fine, brave, unselfish girl, that he asked her if she would marry him some day. She consented, providing he received her mother's permission. Thus a romance grew out of her misfortune.

Three years later, after he had finished a special mission to San Bernardino, William came to hold her to her promise. When she reminded him that she must have her mother's consent, he replied that this he had already received by mail. The marriage took place and they were blessed with thirteen children.

In the Martin Company were two Middletons — William and John (the latter only sixteen years old), grandfather and father of Dr. George W. Middleton. Like Dr. Middleton himself, they had hearts of gold and were filled with compassion and tenderness toward women and little children who were walking day after day. This man and boy were in charge of a provision wagon of the company and it was their custom to pick up tired little children and babes from their mothers' arms and give them a ride in the wagon for a rest and change. These kind acts brought relief and refreshment to those weary ones.

(Note: The writer is indebted to Mrs. Kate B. Carter, President of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers, for the substance of the last two incidents.)

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, June 1, and June 15, 1887

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

THE FIRST OF JUNE: Today, the first of June, is the anniversary of the birth of the late President Brigham Young, one of the greatest and best men that ever lived upon the earth. Brigham Young was born in 1801 . . . He died in 1877. . . . Brigham Young favored woman's suffrage, believed that women should have the privilege of voting on all questions and held liberal views in regards to the rights of women in the home and elsewhere. He was anxious that the women of Zion should have a paper which should be the exponent of their views upon all important questions of the age, and urged the sisters to give free expression to their sentiments through its columns.
—Editorial.

ITEMS FROM ENGLAND: As a mother, Queen Victoria has been an example to her subjects and from children the princes and princesses have been taught to be useful, domesticated, and as polite to the lowest members of their mother's household as to the highest. It was said that Princess Alice was ever proud she had been taught to sew, and when in her home in Darmstadt she used to make nearly all her children's dresses . . . . Learning is never an encumbrance, we often need it when we have let golden opportunities pass. As a Queen our Sovereign has never been excelled, and to her credit be it said she has kept her court the most refined, pure, and cultivated in the whole world.—Marion.

THOUGHTS ON MY WEDDING ANNIVERSARY: Do we wish our dearest earthly treasures to go forth into the cold world with no pleasant reflections of their early home . . . On this day so many things of the past have come up in my memory . . . . and I have been asking how well I have performed my duties as a wife and mother in Zion. . . . Is not the mother a guiding star of the daughter, and can the son be censured if he follows in the footsteps of his father? God help our children and have mercy on us as parents if we place not purity and truth before them.—V. O.

Shady bowers, restful hours,
Fill our hearts with love!
In heartfelt praise, our voices raise
To One who dwells above.

Zephyrs sighing, day is dying,
Footsteps homeward roam.
In this way we passed a day
Near our mountain home.
—May L. Marler

FROM APACHE COUNTY, ARIZONA: I would advise all to lay by such articles as they need . . . . needles, pins, buttons, thimbles, thread, wool cards, bleached muslin, linen, and all needful things; we had better prepare such things and not need them, than to need them and not be able to get them.—M.B.

NEWS NOTE: Mrs. Polk, widow of President Polk, keeps her health and memory at the age of four score and more.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY: Never purchase anything too costly to correspond with your belongings, as it will only create a desire for more to match it . . . Make what you have look as nice as you can.—C. E. W.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

MRS. CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT died on March 9th. After Susan B. Anthony's death, Mrs. Catt became the leader of the women of America in their struggle for suffrage and their eventual victory in 1920. Her last public appearance was at a dinner in her honor, sponsored by the United Nations Association, on her eighty-eighth birthday, in January. Then Mrs. Catt urged all women of the world to work for peace.

WITH high praise from the First Presidency of the Church for her loyalty and faithfulness, Miss Bertha Irvine, a native of Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, has retired after fifty years' service as confidential secretary to the Presidency. Her first position was secretary to Wilford Woodruff, who became president of the Church in 1889 at the age of eighty-two.

MRS JENNIE CLAPLOW HOWELL, widow of Reese Howell and mother of Judge J. A. Howell of Ogden, celebrated her hundredth birthday with another son, W. C. Howell of Los Angeles. A native of England, she arrived in Ogden May 10, 1869, on the first Union Pacific railroad train to bring passengers to Utah. She remembers the Bannock Indian raids of 1878.

AT a pageant in which 150 participants presented Mount Pleasant history in tableaux, drama, dancing, and music, Mrs. Anne Porter Nelson, ninety-one, was crowned queen of the celebration. She is the only survivor of the original band of pioneers who arrived there in 1859.

DURING the past fifteen years Mrs. Alice F. Mahoney of Fresno, California, has reared seventy orphaned children. She adopted, among others, children of servicemen who were killed in the war, in cases where the mothers could not look after them.

ONE of the hard-pressed mothers of Germany helps to solve the problem of her family's existence by raising, in her overcrowded kitchen, great colonies of white mice for laboratory experiments in hospitals. Her children scour the woods daily for leaves and grass for the sustenance of the tiny creatures.

MRS. ROXEY STOWELL ROMNEY of St. George, Utah, widow of Erastus Snow Romney, is a new appointee to the Board of Regents of the University of Utah. Mrs. Romney, mother of four children, is Washington County librarian and a member of the stake Sunday School board. For ten years she was literature leader in stake and ward Relief Societies.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 34 JUNE 1947 NO. 6

Fine Raiment

THE journals and diaries in which our forefathers recorded their daily experiences, their plans, and their hopes, have now become a choice part of our heritage. There is a wealth of faith, courage, and enduring wisdom revealed in the writings of the men and women who "reared stately columns in the land of Deseret."

One pioneer, who lived through the bitter cold of winter in a dugout, wrote a daily account of hardships and hunger, but he recorded, also, his wealth of faith and joy. "We were always hungry and cold; but we managed to clothe our spirits in fine raiment."

This valiant Latter-day Saint helped to build the magnificent Manti temple on the very hill in which he had once made his dugout home. He and all his people were proud of the marble edifice which they built during their years of poverty and sacrifice.

Temple workers came from the valleys to the north and from the towns to the south. They arose before dawn and made the long journey of many hours in the stinging blizzards of winter that they might perform the sacred ordinances

In subduing the arid valleys, there was much hard work and the stern requirements of making a living could never be forgotten, but there was a constant striving for fine raiment to clothe the spirit. The pioneers did not expect their tasks to be easy, rather they prayed for strength to overcome the difficulties and the dangers of the frontier.

Many journals speak of the responsibility which our forefathers felt towards themselves and towards their posterity in establishing an enduring commonwealth based upon the virtues which they felt would bring lasting strength and happiness to the unknown generations destined to reap a rich spiritual harvest from the ideals which the pioneers nurtured in the mountain valleys. Like all great builders, they looked beyond their own span of mortal life toward the time when their dreams would blossom for their children's children.

One devout pioneer expressed this thought as follows:

> I fancy my children in generations to come wondering who their ancestor was and where he came from and what were the circumstances under which he came to America and why he came. I do not think a man does his duty to posterity when he leaves them entirely in ignorance concerning these important matters. I picture to myself the families of my descendants in the coming millenium, having in their possession a record of the labors of their forefathers.

It is the realization that no person should live unto himself alone, but rather that he should assume his responsibilities in the eternal plan, that gives the spirit its fine raiment.

V. P. C.

Instructions to Magazine Representatives and Subscribers

1. Orders should be legibly written, preferably in ink or typewritten.
2. Names, streets, and cities should be spelled correctly.
3. Street numbers should be accurate, not "about".
4. Correct city and state should be given. Many times there are cities by the same name in more than one state.
5. Subscriptions should be renewed in the same name as the original subscription. Confusion is caused when a subscription is sent in the individual's given name one year and in her husband's name the next year.
6. When there is more than one subscriber by the same name in a ward some further identification should be used, a middle initial, etc. This is especially true in a small town where there are no street addresses.
7. Subscribers should immediately notify the General Board of a change of address. The post office does not forward *Magazines* unless postage is sent and the post office *does not return Magazines* to the General Board. Subscribers many times miss numbers of the *Magazine* due to their failure to notify the General Board of change of address. The *former address must always accompany the new address.*
8. Subscribers should notify the General Board within a month any failure to receive their *Magazine*.
9. After July 1, the General Board will be unable to furnish any back numbers. Therefore, all subscriptions must reach the office of the General Board at least a month in advance of expiration. Hereafter, it will not be possible to obtain the July issue in which the previews and the first lessons appear after the month of July. Only the current issue will be furnished.

   It is suggested that a subscription be taken in the name of the ward and stake Relief Societies for the purpose of binding.
10. The name of the *ward and stake* must appear on all orders.
11. Lists should be carefully checked to see that money remitted and the names listed on the order agree.
12. Money order or check is the best method of remittance. *Magazine* representatives are advised against remitting currency. Representatives are permitted to deduct the cost of money orders, but no deduction should be made when personal check is used by the representative.
13. It is suggested that a *Magazine* representative keep a copy of each order so that mistakes may be better understood and corrected.

Magazine representatives are advised that all subscriptions sent to the General Board on or after July 1, 1947 are to be charged for at the increased rate of $1.50 per year. All subscriptions received at the General Board office which are post-office dated on or before June 30, 1947 will require only the $1 rate.

Entertaining at a Cabin in the Canyon

Ethel Colton Smith

WITH summer here again and the beauties of the canyons beckoning to the out-of-doors, our thoughts turn once more to trips and outings. If yours is a family of outdoor enthusiasts, no doubt your home has already been the scene of exciting activity in preparation for the first canyon trip of the season.

If you count among your family possessions a cabin in the canyon, the conversation at your dinner table has probably been running something like this: "I wonder if that outsized rainbow trout in the hole below the bridge will have forgotten the time we almost landed him last summer and will be lured to the hook by the special fly we have for him now." "Do you suppose the porch step has been scraped thin by the old grandfather porcupine who developed such a fondness for that spot last summer after the dog spilled his pan of milk there?"

Being the mother in a home where such things are going on, you, too, may be excited and eager to begin the summer fun. Or perhaps your enthusiasm lags a little because you realize all too well the amount of work involved in the trips now being planned. You may be seeing in your mind's eye the many little boys who are eagerly awaiting their turn to be invited by your son for two or three days at the cabin, little boys who seem to have such bottomless cavities inside their small bodies which they are intent on filling at frequent intervals all through the day. It may be your daughter's crowd of adolescent girls that you picture, who will keep you awake far into the night with their talking and laughing. Or perhaps you are thinking of different groups of your own friends whom you will want to invite for overnight or a few days, and you are wondering what dishes you can prepare that will satisfy appetites sharpened by the mountain air.

If your canyon home is situated close enough to the city so that you enjoy the conveniences of electricity, water in the house, and the many other things which make housekeeping easier, your summer entertaining will be greatly simplified. But if the members of your family are rugged individuals who prefer to take their outdoor life far from the "beaten track," away from these very conveniences, then it may appear to you that your summer is going to be filled with more work than rest.

Should you find yourself in this state of mind, you may be making more work than is necessary out of your canyon trips, and it is possible that you need to do some planning and organizing. Here are a few suggestions which may help:

Plan your parties so that everyone will share in the work as well as the fun. If certain duties are assigned to each person, the work becomes

light and everyone has a part in the activities. Appoint a specific number of persons to take care of each meal, preparing and serving it and cleaning up afterwards. Many times the men will want to help with the cooking. Some men pride themselves on their ability to prepare a certain dish in a special way, or to cook a steak perfectly. If there are such men in any group you invite, let them display their talents along this line. Children can help by making their own beds, carrying in logs for the fireplace, and setting the table for meals.

To simplify the laundry problem have your guests bring their own bed linen if they are to spend the night. Instead of using tablecloths, cover your table with colorful, easy-to-wash oilcloth or the new plastic material now being shown in the stores for this purpose; and use paper napkins for each meal. Have a supply of paper cups and plates on hand as there are occasions when these can be used to save dishwashing.

When given an opportunity to go to the canyon for a day or more, most people like to relax and rest from their usual strenuous activities. A thoughtful host and hostess will make available plenty of comfortable places where guests may rest and will not insist that everyone play games or go on hikes. There will, of course, be some in almost any group who will want to go fishing, or participate in some vigorous outdoor sport such as a game of baseball, horseshoe pitching, or horseback riding. Equipment should be available so that such activities may be indulged in, if desired. If an atmosphere of friendly informality can be established with guests relaxed and at ease, feeling at liberty to do just what they want to do, it is certain that everyone will have an

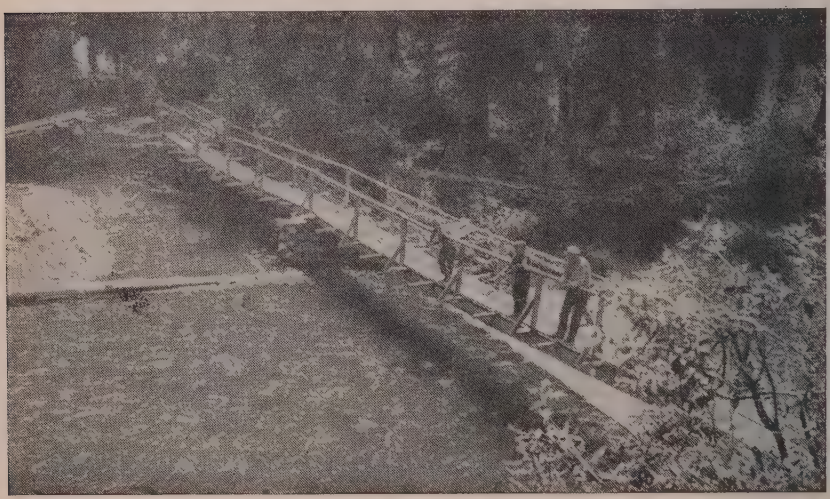
Photograph by Linnell Fullmer

CABIN OF MR. AND MRS. FRANK J. FULLMER, PINES RANCH, UPPER WEBER RIVER, UTAH

enjoyable time and no great effort will be required to see that guests are entertained.

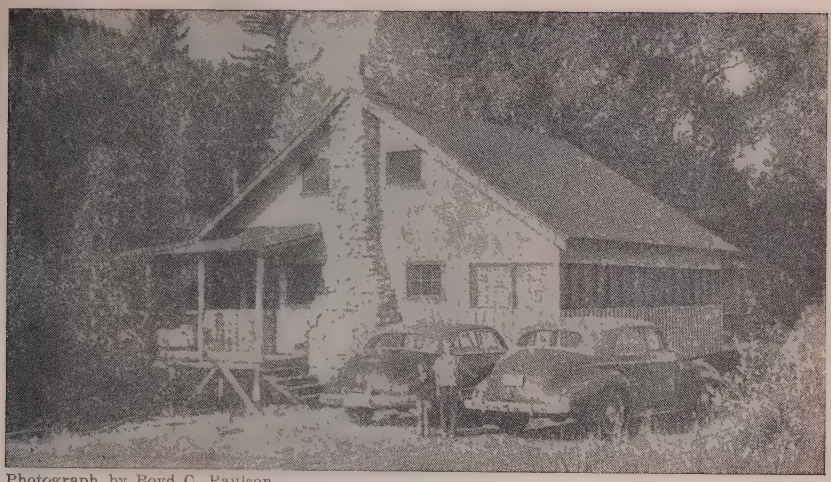
With a group of children, however, more activity is demanded. They want to play games, ride horses, go on hikes, or swim. In the interest of safety, it will be necessary to make some simple rules which children should be required to follow when taking part in such sports in the canyon. An older person should accompany small children on hikes. A reasonable time should be set for the return of any group of hikers, even the older children, and they should be taught to stay together in one group, with no one wandering off by himself. A time limit should be placed on their play in the water, and their swimming in rivers or lakes should be supervised. If children are spending the night, an inspection should be made for woodticks which they may have acquired from contact with brush and bushes. Simple safety rules such as these are necessary although they need not be made restrictive and burdensome.

LET us consider the matter of food, which is of great importance on any canyon party. Plan menus composed of simple but filling dishes. Take advantage of the wide variety of canned foods which can be obtained today. Stock your cupboards with such items as canned soups, chili, baked beans, pork and beans, Vienna sausage, and other prepared meats, tuna fish, canned vegetables, and fruits. These can be used for hurry-up meals and can be transformed into appetizing dishes with little effort. For instance, a lowly can of pork and beans can become quite glamorous when prepared in this fashion: Brown some chopped onions, add chopped cel-



Photograph by Ralph B. Wright

FOOTBRIDGE ACROSS WEBER RIVER AT CABIN OF MR. AND MRS. ELWIN F. SMITH, PINES RANCH, UPPER WEBER RIVER



Photograph by Boyd C. Paulson

CABIN OF MR. AND MRS. ELWIN F. SMITH, PINES RANCH, UPPER WEBER RIVER

ery, green pepper, and canned tomatoes. Simmer for fifteen minutes. Add canned pork and beans and heat thoroughly. If additional seasoning is desired, a dash of chili powder or savory salt adds piquancy. The amount of the ingredients will vary according to taste and the number of people to be served.

Canned chili, combined with canned baked beans or pork and beans, is delicious. This should be accompanied by rye bread and butter. Canned meats can be removed from the tin and browned in the oven, or sliced and browned on top of the stove. These are good served with scrambled eggs and sliced tomatoes.

A quick oyster stew can be made with canned oysters. Simmer them in their own juice until the edges curl; add a small amount of chopped onion which has been browned in butter, and milk and seasoning to taste. Serve this with some split hard rolls or slices of French bread which have been spread with grated cheese and heated.

It is a good idea to have plenty of snack materials on hand for hungry hikers and fishermen. These may consist of sandwich fillings, fresh and dried fruits, and cookies, in addition to the items already mentioned. It is important to have plenty of cool drinks on hand. Milk, lemonade, and various fruit punches are popular. For the fruit drinks, bottled fruit concentrates may be used, or canned fruit juices, or fresh lemon, orange, lime, and other juices which have been prepared beforehand and put into bottles.

Breakfasts in the canyon should be substantial meals as most guests sleep later than they do at home and will arise with appetites whetted by the invigorating mountain air. However, this meal can be prepared very easily if you will take advantage of

the many prepared foods available. Have on hand a good variety of prepared cereals and fruits—either canned or fresh. Hot biscuits, muffins, or pancakes can be made with prepared flours; or spread sliced bread with butter, place on a rack, and pop into the oven for a few minutes until slightly browned. These breads call for jam, honey, or syrup as an accompaniment. Ham and eggs, or bacon and eggs, with hashed browned potatoes are always popular with those who like a more hearty breakfast. And, if there are fishermen in the crowd, you will, of course, have mountain trout for your breakfast. Milk, postum, and fruit juices are good breakfast drinks.

Some suggested dinner menus for canyon parties, with recipes for some of the dishes, are given below. Many of these dishes can be prepared before leaving home, which will give you more leisure time with your guests.

DINNER MENUS

Baked ham
Potato salad*
Green beans
Hard rolls and butter
Watermelon
Lemonade

Meat loaf
Baked potatoes
Platter of sliced tomatoes, cucumbers, green pepper, onion, lettuce
French dressing
Bread and Butter
Cookies
Punch*

Hamburger-spaghetti
Fruit salad
Bread and butter
Gumdrop cake*
Milk

RECIPES

Potato Salad

Remove skins from boiled potatoes, and dice. Add diced cucumber, hard-cooked egg, and finely-chopped onion. Season with salt, pepper, and celery seed. Mix well with mayonnaise or favorite salad dressing, and allow to "ripen" before serving. Amounts of ingredients will vary according to number served.

Punch

A very delicious punch can be made by adding boysenberry juice and pineapple juice to lemonade. Ginger ale added just before serving gives sparkle to this drink.

(If you do not have refrigeration or ice, put bottles of fruit juices in the stream and allow to stand for several hours, as good punch must be cold.)

Hamburger-Spaghetti

4 pounds hamburger
2 cans tomatoes
1 green pepper
1 large onion
2 cups water
1 can tomato sauce or catsup
1½ packages fine spaghetti

Fry hamburger (broken in small pieces) with onion cut fine. Add tomatoes, water, and green pepper, and cook until liquid has soaked into meat. Cook spaghetti in salted water until tender. Drain and rinse with cold water. Add to meat mixture. Add tomato sauce or catsup and simmer until done. (This recipe may be varied by adding whole kernel corn or chopped mushrooms to the above ingredients.)

This will serve sixteen to eighteen persons.

Gumdrop Cake

1 cup butter or shortening
2 cups sugar
2 eggs
1½ cups unsweetened applesauce
1 tsp. soda dissolved in 1 tbsp. hot water (added to applesauce)
1 to 1½ pounds gumdrops cut in small pieces (do not use black ones)
1 lb. white raisins

1 cup chopped walnuts (heat in a small amount of butter over low heat until slightly browned).

Cream butter and sugar thoroughly; add beaten eggs and vanilla and mix well. Sift and measure flour; then sift three times with other dry ingredients (except soda). Add dissolved soda to applesauce and mix thoroughly. Add dry ingredients to batter alternately with applesauce, mixing well after each addition. Mix cut gumdrops, white raisins, and nuts together and dredge with small amount of flour. Add to batter and mix thoroughly. Put into two well-greased loaf pans and bake in slow oven for two hours.

(This cake keeps moist and fresh for a week or more and can be made several days in advance.)

With plans carefully laid, it is almost certain that at your first glimpse of the mountains towering above you in their gorgeous new summer attire, and the feel of the refreshing breeze which runs down their green-clad slopes to greet you as you enter the canyon on your first trip of the season, you will look forward with pleasure to your summer in the canyon.

SEGO LILIES

Evelyn Fjeldsted

Beneath a rocky, hillside ledge,
Utah's own State flower fair,
The sego lily, has designed
A lone but regal garden flare.

The beauty of each waxen whorl
Enhanced by sweet serenity
Is graciously and gayly spent
In soundless closed obscurity.

But on the winds the seeds are borne
Across the moorland far and wide,
Akin with pioneers they make
The barren places bloom with pride.

Seeking only untilled fields,
Reaching ever toward the light,
They symbolize our native State,
Once a desert, now a garden site.

Plan for Christmas in June

Elizabeth Williamson

With Illustrations by the Author

PERHAPS last Christmas you received a gift made especially for you. You remembered it long after you had forgotten most of your other gifts. You may be wondering if the gifts which you dashed out to buy at the last minute were really appreciated by the recipients. Last minute thoughts and last minute gifts are not always conducive to the most pleasurable Christmas spirit.

This year you can begin to plan your Christmas gifts in June. This will give you time to make special remembrances that will appeal to the individual personalities on your Christmas list.

Here are some ideas:

1. *For the Kitchen*

Look in antique and secondhand stores. Pick up old kettles, trays, flatirons. It is easy to decorate them yourself. At the public library you will find books and magazines telling you exactly how to go about making interesting designs.

Decorate cookie boxes, cans, and canisters.

Cover matchboxes.

Make gay potholders.

Make chintz cushions for the kitchen rocker.

2. *Block Printing*

This is a simple process. Again, consult the library for help. Block print guest towels, tea towels, napkins. Your friends will be delighted with personalized gifts.

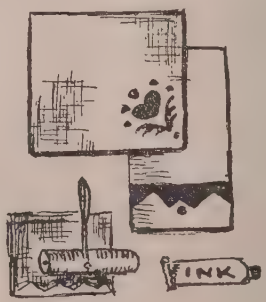
3. *Decoupage*

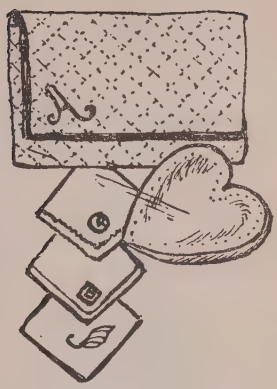
Cut out scraps of pretty wallpaper or old flower prints. Paste on wastepaper baskets, boxes, or trays. When dry, apply a smooth coat of shellac. These make stunning and practical gifts.

4. *Hand-sewn Gifts*

If you sew, there are innumerable possibilities. Here are a few suggestions:

Sachets (with your friend's favorite scent); lingerie and stocking cases made of quilted satin and embroidered with





initials; frilly aprons for special occasions; guest towels and napkins with appliqued initials in contrasting colors.

5. *For Garden Enthusiasts*

Make a scrapbook containing flower arrangements clipped from magazines, for your gardening friends. Buy a scrapbook with board covers, letter "My Garden" on the front, or applique flowers of felt or wood. Make garden aprons from denim or ticking with three huge pockets. Make waterproof kneeling cushions for planting and digging.

6. *For Barbecue Enthusiasts*

Salad sets. Paint wooden bowls with a gay design. Carve initials on the handles of salad servers. Make chefs' aprons and caps. Collect barbecue recipes.

7. *Jams and Jellies*

Homemade jams and jellies with attractive labels and bright wrappings are always welcome, also herb bouquets and herb vinegars. If you live on a farm, there are many gifts your city friends will relish, such as: fresh sausage, fruits, nuts, homemade candies, cookies, and fruit cakes.

8. *Plants*

For Christmas giving, start slips of plants in the summer and bulbs in the fall. African violets are easy to grow. Each leaf started in sand will make a new plant. Geranium slips, begonia slips, and many other plants can be started early. Minia-

ture plants (philodendron, cacti, and ivy) started in used cologne or perfume bottles are very attractive.

You will be surprised what fun it is to discover the appropriate gift. It will be most satisfying to know that you have chosen the "right" thing. Your friends will be pleased, too, that you have kept them in mind throughout the year.

JUNE

Alice R. Rich

Do you question it is here—
Bluest skies of all the year,
Sweetest perfumes from the flowers,
Densest shade in leafy bowers,
Gayest songs from warblers' throats,
Lilting lays and gladsome notes,
Reddest cherries, busiest bees,
Gentlest breeze in orchard trees,
Mellowest moonlit skies above,
Dearest time for youthful love?

You have guessed it, oh so soon,
Month of love and beauty—June!

Where Trails Run Out

Anna Prince Redd

Chapter 5

[The incidents of this story are true, and the characters authentic. The information has been carefully gleaned from diaries, journals, and personal interviews.—Ed.]

Synopsis: A company of twenty-four young men and two families—James L. Davis, his wife Mary, and their four children; Henry H. Harriman, his wife Elizabeth, and their five children—are called to explore a route from Cedar City, in Southern Utah, to San Juan County. The two families are to remain in San Juan and, at a point where the Montezuma Creek comes into the San Juan River, are to establish an outpost and prepare for the coming of the main company of settlers, members of the San Juan Mission. The twenty-four scouts are to return to their homes and report their findings. The purpose of the mission is to cultivate and maintain peaceful and friendly relations with the Indians, who are almost the sole occupants of the large isolated country.

While driving her team at night, across a sultry, menacing desert, Elizabeth has a frightening experience with a mysterious Indian. She feels that she will see the Indian again and that he will know if she needs help. The company travels over rough and dangerous country and after much suffering, finally reaches Moenkopi, an Indian outpost and a supply point for traders and pioneers. The Davis family remains at Moenkopi and the others go on toward the San Juan. They reach what seems to loom as an impenetrable forest of giant greasewood trees, mysterious and forbidding in the twilight. The men attack the greasewood forest and clear a way through. The company moves on, followed by a horde of interfering Indians, until they reach a lake, almost dead of thirst. There is an astonished exclamation from the captain of the company, and a command: "Halt!"

In sight of water, yet denied it, Elizabeth knows the agony of what is in store for the helpless company.

"HOW!" the guttural fell like a whiplash. The voice was low, but it jerked every chin in the train to attention.

"How!" Silas Smith flung the word back at the scowling Indian chief.

"Me Chief Peogament! White man no pass!" The Indian chief folded his arms and looked impassively at the placid water of the lake.

"Chief Peogament," Silas said, and stood up in his stirrups, "white man say 'How!'" Then, turning to his men, he called, "Company forward!"

The wagons crowded ahead—James Decker's, Henry's, Elizabeth's. Elizabeth stood up, ready to leap for the water, her dark eyes blazing, and her heart knocking her breath out. They'd show these arrogant Piutes!

But, as suddenly, she seemed to have no heart at all, for there, massed against a wall of coral rock just inside the corridor, stood several hundred painted warriors, and behind them, the horde of squaws that had followed them three days before, come again as mysteriously as they had disappeared on the trail behind.

Silas Smith rode down upon Peogament, barely missing his elbows. Peogament's arms shot out and caught Smith's bridle. "No pass!" he hissed.

"Peogament," Smith waved his

arm for the rest of the wagons to come up to the front, controlling his temper and his frightened horse, "now that I know you speak my language, we'll see about that!" he said.

Peogament clung tenaciously to Captain Smith's bridle reins, trying to maintain his dignity. But the frightened horse lashed out at him with his hoofs, and the angry chief had to leap back.

"White man no good for Indians!" he said, showing his teeth in snarling rage. "Horses eat up grass! Rain gods dry up springs if Peogament let white man pass!"

Near Elizabeth's wagon sat George Hobbs, as statuesque in his saddle as the braves who were massed against the cliffs. Elizabeth, now as angrily alive as the rest of the little company, glanced furtively in his direction. Nothing else in all the world was important but that water in the lake. Her children were dying of thirst. Let Peogament stand there till the crack of doom! Let George Hobbs take care of Silas Smith. They were equal to their job. Her job was to get water for her children.

She reached slowly under the wagon seat for her water pail.

"I wouldn't do that, Elizabeth," George Hobbs said, yet there wasn't the slightest indication that he had seen his sister's movement. And for the moment Elizabeth hated him as she did Peogament. She let the bucket fall slowly, quietly, back into its place under the seat.

Through the long minutes that ensued, Elizabeth sat inert, hearing the men's voices, low or loud with anger, but she heard little of any meaning. The effort was too great, she was too tired even to wonder why the children were so quiet. A deadening numbness was in her limbs. It crept up and up to her brain. Water. Water. Water. Dripping—dripping—dripping her to sleep.

"Company forward!" The command dispelled the numbness in her brain. She clutched her lines. Now, now they could get to the lake!

But there was a new agitation. Every young man in the train had crowded past her wagon, swaying in his saddle, dizzy from anger and thirst.

"No much water!" Peogament cried. "Indians have stock, too!"

"Company forward!" Captain Smith shouted again, and started to ride on. Only then did Elizabeth realize they were not going to camp, not going to have water.

"Company—"

There was the crack of Peogament's buckskin quirt. It cut the air and whined to silence against Smith's unguarded face and, before he could recover from the blow, it struck again. Elizabeth recoiled. An angry shout came from the crowding cowboys.

"Out of the way, Hobbs," they yelled. "We'll take a hand in this."

"Talk! What's it to us! We've got guns that say we're goin' to have all the water we want!" Hamilton Thornton said, leveling his gun at Peogament's head.

George Hobbs had seemed to make no move, yet his pistol barrel gleamed in the sun, close to the center of Thornton's forehead.

"What's that order, President Smith?" he drawled.

"Company forward!" Smith cried. "That's my order!"

"And it's going to be obeyed," Hobbs added.

One look into George Hobbs' steel eyes and Thornton fell back. Even the grim Peogament was swayed, jostled aside by the onrush of wagons that followed the command. Then, surprisingly, the old Indian chief wrapped his arms in his blanket and stepped aside allowing the train to pass. Whether he was impressed by Hobbs' gunplay, Smith's determination, or because he believed the whites would die of thirst anyway, the scouts could never afterward decide.

Peogament held his braves in check by the mere force of his silent contempt. Not an Indian moved. Not one looked after the passing train.

Driving so close to the lake, so close that she could have leaned down and trailed her fingers in the water, Elizabeth saw it slipping from her. The teams neighed for water as they passed, too tired to stampede. The heron went on with its feeding on the shore.

Great wrenching sobs tore Elizabeth. "We can't—we can't go on!" But only a fevered mirage taunted her with its cool blue depth. The lake was gone. The sun poured down on her bowed head.

* * * *

"WIFE!" Elizabeth tried to open her eyes but the process was too painful.

"Bethy!"

A heavenly coolness was spreading over her face and down her throat, trickling between her breasts. There was no need to open her eyes. You couldn't see heaven, you just felt it.

"Bethy, here's a drink!"

Water was pouring between her lips—cool, cool . . . .

"Elizabeth Harriman!"

That sounded like Henry when he was being bossy. Her eyes came open . . . Water . . . Her face, her arms, bathed in it, began to feel like her own again, and, suddenly, her whole being was clamoring for direction. "Henry," she cried. "Where did you get this water?"

"From our own wells—three of them. We've been digging all night."

"Then we didn't kill the Indians," she said almost regretfully. Then, appalled at the thought, she added: "Henry, am I sick?"

"Of course not," he assured her.

"Then why am I in bed? I was driving—and . . . and you came and put your arms around me . . ."

"Yes," he answered. "Then I put you to bed."

"Then I am sick!" She tried to struggle to a sitting position, but Henry pushed her back. "The children," she moaned. "They need me."

"Not right now, Bethy," he said. "They've had water, too. They are still asleep."

"Water—" she began happily, but was asleep before she could finish the thought.

Henry sagged wearily to the bed beside her. Forty hours without sleep does a man in, he thought, and took Elizabeth's hand to hold while he slept. . . .

The sun was an hour high before there was the slightest stir in camp. Men slept in sprawled positions, their legs dangling half out of their wagon bunks; others had dropped beside the wells they had worked all

night to dig. Not even a guard remained awake . . .

Silas Smith yawned lazily, not bothering to move his head in the direction where George Hobbs could be expected to lie, since they were never far apart.

"Are our red brothers still with us?" he asked, squinting at the sun for the time of day.

"Yep," George answered. "Thick as ants around a honey jug."

"How are their manners?"

"Improving, I should say. At least our guards think so. They sleep like babes."

"Should I court-martial 'em?" Silas got up on his elbow to look at the camp. "Or have we been asleep, too?"

His eyes traveled around the circle of wagons and back to his own clay-caked hands and boots. "What a night!" he laughed. "I'm hungry. I doubt if there's chuck enough in this whole camp to fill me up!"

"There won't be if Peogament's Piutes ever get sassy again," George commented. "I like the Navajos better. They're farther away!"

"They are our brothers, George, all of the whole kit and caboodle of them. And somehow I like the idea. Even Peogament has the strength of his convictions. I sorta admire their stand. They have no way of knowing whether we mean well or not. We'll have to talk sign language."

He said no more, but George knew something unusual was taking shape in his leader's mind. He could wait, he thought, and set the stage ready for it.

RELUCTANTLY the camp came to life. Then, seeing the three wells flowing with clear water, the men scrambled for another drink. At least this was no bad dream!

Silas and George agreed that the Indians had waited around the prostrate camp for hours, perhaps all the night while they had been doing the digging. For once it didn't matter. They were there, and their eyes showed satisfaction. Again the white man's water magic had done its work.

Elizabeth awoke, wonderfully alive and glad. The world seemed better than she had ever known it. She threw back the door flaps of her wagon and looked out.

"Calling Bayles and Butt, Boy Washers, Incorporated!" she cried.

"Awake, and just about ready for duty, Ma'am," the Butt end of the corporation grunted, pulling away at a water-logged boot to get it on over his still wet sock. "I used this darn thing for a goblet last night when the wells came in, and it needs a deal of coaxing now," he added.

The company cooked, sang, had prayers, and then ate. Peogament and his braves looked on. Surly, vindictive, the Indian chief took no notice of the rapidly disappearing meal, though its odors must have tantalized his nostrils. Elizabeth, watching him furtively, decided that his very ugliness was his distinction. What a horde there was! She hoped they didn't decide they were all hungry at the same time.

But the Indians made no move toward the spread of tempting food.

"Break camp as soon as you've finished, boys," Captain Smith called, wiping his brown beard on his bandana and smoothing it to a lustrous point again. "We aim to reach San Juan before the river dries up!"

When everything was in readiness for their departure, the camp came to attention, waiting his word to start.

There was an impressive silence. Hobbs and Smith alone stood within the circle of Indians around the wells. Silas took off his hat and laid it, brim down, in the circle. George took off his gun belt and laid it beside Silas' hat, enjoying the ceremony that Silas had previously explained.

"Peogament, Chief of the Piutes," Silas began, "the white man brings you water. The white man leaves you water. Are you the white man's brother?"

"White man bad for Indians," Peogament said, as sullenly as on the day before. "But white man's wells are good."

There was no sign of friendliness in his ugly face, no yielding in his crooked form. But among his tribesmen there was a stir of excitement, a wise nodding of heads.

Smith pantomimed broadly, indicating the gift of the wells.

George Hobbs picked up his guns and Captain Smith put on his hat.

"Company move out!" he cried, and the scouting train moved east toward Montezuma on the San Juan.

By fives and tens and fifties the Piutes fell in behind and, for the time at least, the white men and the Indians were brothers.

Photograph by Walter P. Cottam

"ORGAN ROCK" IN MONUMENT VALLEY, UTAH

THE company took its way into the desert, keeping to the north and east. The sun scorched their bodies, parched their tongues, and dried up the last remaining water pockets in the rocks. As long as there was water and food the Indians following them were peaceable and often helpful. Many of them worked at the road building and were paid in food, money, or clothes. Always suspicious, however, they watched the movements of the small company with jealous eyes. Never before had white men been allowed to pass unmolested through this Indian territory. Only because of the white man's "water magic" were they permitted to do so now. But there were other problems, too. Scarce as was the water supply, fuel was less plentiful. Nothing but scrawny brush grew along the way. And to make it worse, the temperature dropped with the going down of the sun each night, leaving the scouts shivering miserably by their small brush fires.

George Hobbs rode uneasily ahead of the company, wondering what lay ahead. It had been ten hours since the last water stop, and still there was no sign of the advance scouts. The air was raspy with sand that stung the skin like sparks of burning chaff. How much longer could they hold the scowling Peogament in check? At the least sign of distress because of water, the surly chief became arrogant, inciting his braves to acts of thievery and near violence.

Plowing along in the bottomless sand trenches that they called a road, George noted that the stock showed increasing signs of weariness and nervous tension. He rode back along the line. The savages were an ill-tempered mob, ready to blame their discomfort on the first white man to cross their surly purpose. They were hungry as well as thirsty, he thought, and wished with all his heart there was food enough in camp to fill them up and stop their mouths.

Joining Silas near the rear of the line, he asked, "Shall we try for water again?"

"We've got to do something," Silas answered. "Our well digging has failed persistently these last few days. We'd better try digging again. At least it keeps these pestiferous Indians amused."

"Another twenty-four hours and we won't need water, Silas," George answered. "But what's the commotion down there?"

"The rear wagons are bunching. Come on, George!" Silas whirled his horse, scattering papooses and dogs in all directions as he galloped into the center of the milling Indians.

"What goes on?" he demanded.

George, using his broad-brimmed hat as a swatter, cleared a path for himself and halted at Silas' side.

"What's wrong?" Silas demanded again.

Hans Bayles' horse has a broken leg, busted clean in two," Parly Butt answered. "And these bloomin' cannibals want to eat the horse alive."

"Can nothing be done, Hans?" George asked, swinging out of his saddle to examine the crippled horse.

"Not a thing!" Hans exclaimed. "You shoot him, President Smith. I can't stomach to shoot my own horse."

Silas told Peogament to move the squaws and papooses and dogs out of the way so he could shoot. Peoga-

ment complied with a wave of his hand, and Silas rode up to the trembling horse and put his gun to its forehead.

Hans shuddered. He beat his way out of the laughing mass of squaws and papooses and joined Parley Butt at the edge of the camp.

"Let them gorge!" Parley exclaimed. "It may be the means of saving the rest of us from trouble."

"Yes," Hans agreed, "the Indians will be pacified for a few hours at least."

"If we don't get to water by noon tomorrow," Parley said uneasily, "we'll not care what these blasted Indians do."

"That's just it, Parley. That's what worries me. Dead or alive, I don't want no squaws a quarrelin' over my carcass!"

Parley laughed uproarously. "Well, if that's not the blamedest thing to be thinkin'!" he chuckled. "Gettin' so thirsty must've gone to your head."

"Let's move up where President Smith is," Hans said with a relieved grin. "Maybe things aren't as serious as I think they are."

"President Smith is going to send some more water scouts out. Maybe he'll choose us, Hans. He fears the other scouts have either got lost or have died of thirst."

"I'd as leave die huntin' for water, as to die wishin' for it," Hans said. "We'll ask to go, whether he chooses us or not!"

Parley agreed, and they started toward the group of men that had collected in the center of the camp. But before they had gone ten steps they stopped dead in their tracks. From the ledge where the camp guards were stationed, came a long sustained cry.

"That's neither a coyote nor an Indian!" Hans shouted. "Come on!"

With Parley at his heels, he turned and ran toward the ledge. And the strange, long-drawn cry was repeated.

(To be continued)

Courtesy, United States Geological Survey

JUNCTION OF THE SAN JUAN AND COLORADO RIVERS, THE SAN JUAN AT THE RIGHT

Divine Leadership

The Testimony of Bishop George Romney Regarding the Accession of President Brigham Young to Leadership of the Church

[This account is taken from the written report of Gustave A. Iverson who personally heard Brother Romney's testimony and copied it for preservation as an inspiration to others. The testimony was submitted to *The Relief Society Magazine* by Charles J. Ross, a grandson of Bishop George Romney.—Ed.]

IT was Sunday evening, June 22, 1919. The saints had assembled in a conference session of the Ensign Stake. The Lord had been praised in song and prayer. Silence rested upon the meeting much like a benediction of peace and good will. The venerable George Romney, pioneer builder and prominent in the affairs of his city and State—most important of all, a bishop during the major part of a generation, a leader of religious thought, was speaking. With a fervor that betokened vibrant spirituality and an emotion that only a man of God with a vital message could feel and convey to others, and with an urge not to be denied, he gave solemn utterance to facts within his own personal knowledge relating to one of the most remarkable events in the history of a Church characterized by a unique and wonderful existence. The bishop's theme was not unfamiliar to his auditors. Many of them had borne testimony, through the tutelage of the spirit, respecting an actuality about which the speaker gave primary evidence, so that what issued from his lips became confirmation of the virtue of their own.

With deep feeling, Bishop Romney made mention of the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum, and this was followed by a vivid word picture of that momentous occasion when the mantle of leadership which had fallen from the shoulders of the Prophet, found an abiding place upon those of Brigham Young.

The following excerpts are taken from his testimony as it was delivered by Bishop Romney on the occasion of the conference session. The words were taken down by the writer of this article and preserved in his personal records, hoping for a strengthening of the spirit not only in his own behalf, but of those who might upon appropriate occasion hear the bishop's words repeated. They are submitted here in the spirit which the writer caught on the occasion of their initial utterance:

I have heard the Prophet Joseph Smith speak as I never heard man speak, under the influence and power of Almighty God, and I bear you my testimony, which might be the last, that I know with every fiber of my body from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet that every prophecy he ever delivered or uttered about the nations and mankind as to what would take place regarding them previous to the present awful world war has been fulfilled. I knew him personally and can scarcely restrain myself from shedding tears when I contemplate that I saw the Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum—men of God, men who sought the welfare of the human family, their only wish being to do good—lying in their gore. I vividly remember seeing the two brothers lying side by side after being killed. The saints felt like little children feel when their parents are

taken away from them. Those were serious times. When the Prophet was martyred and word came to Nauvoo on that bright, sunny morning of the 28th of June, it seemed like the gasp of death. There was not a dry eye among the people.

I said the people were all children. But they knew the shepherd's voice. Sidney Rigdon and others said, "I am the man, I am the man," but it did not take. The sheep knew better. And when the Twelve returned from the East, I shall never forget in this world or in the world to come the scene as Brigham Young arose after Sidney Rigdon had used up an hour and a half delivering an eloquent discourse. When Brigham got up the mantle of Joseph Smith fell upon him. It was Joseph's voice; it was Joseph's appearance, and I testify to you, if I never again do so on earth, in the presence of God and angels, that this is verily the truth. This is true—that the mantle of Joseph did fall upon Brigham Young and the people knew it.

The Bright Side

Alice Whitson Norton

NO matter what happens, there is always the consoling thought that it might have been worse; there is a bright side to the darkest cloud no matter how black it may be, if we will but look for the brighter side.

It is all in the mind of the individual whether he gropes in darkness or lives in the sunshine. God did not create us for mourning purposes; and yet there are people in this world who take a great delight in looking at the black side of everything. If today is perfect, they make it unpleasant by wondering what tomorrow will be like.

Some people carry the worries of their day's work into the home. Home should be the place for relaxation of the tired, weary brain, the pleasure ground of every normal thinking individual, but the sanctuary is often abused. A man goes home taking all his troubles with him; the children come home bringing all their perplexed thoughts; the mother, tired out by the work at home, feels the mental depression, becomes irritated and nervous. The dinner is not satisfactory, the evening is spoiled; everybody goes to bed cross, and the morning finds them unfit for a good day's work, prepared only to look for the dark side of the new day.

Carrying burdens home and cuddling them throughout the evening and night makes anyone unfit for a good day's work, while an evening spent in happy conversation, good reading, and clean amusement makes any individual feel better, makes him rest better, and prepares him for good service.

It is the bright side of things that count. The thing to do in this world is to look each day in the face, make that day stand for something, make it a bright, happy day—let tomorrow take care of itself. It is today we live, today we serve, and today for which we must account. Yesterday is gone, tomorrow may never come; only today is ours, and it is not only the privilege of every individual to make of it something worthwhile, but it is the duty of every individual, also.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

Regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" appear in the *Magazine* for October 1946, page 685.

RELIEF SOCIETY CENTENNIAL PROGRAMS AND OTHER ACTIVITIES

UTAH STAKE, PROVO FOURTH WARD CENTENNIAL PROGRAM
"A STORY IN GRANITE AND BRONZE," MARCH 2, 1947

Seated front row, left to right: Second Counselor and accompanist Grace Judd; Lettie Hatch; President Melva B. Perry; First Counselor Lillie B. Carson; director Mabel Tanner; chorus leader Hazel Clark; Amme Ridge; Sadie Christensen; Dora Dee Barrett; Secretary Bertha Memmott.

Seated second row, left to right: Zola Quist; Venus Williams; Mary Lee Hales; Pat Stevens; Clara Jaggi; Bertha Romney; Laura Henrie; Leah Nielson; Fae Christensen; Nedra Sumner; Norma Gardner; Stella McArthur; Clara Wright.

Standing third row, left to right: Narrative reader Hattie Bown; Charlene Taylor; Joan Taylor; dramatic reader Ardell Ashworth.

For this program a replica of the "This Is The Place" Monument was built under the direction of J. Earl Johnson. The priests, trappers, and silhouettes were drawn by Roman Andrus. The pulpit was decorated with clusters of sagebrush and sego lilies. The splendid Fourth Ward chorus, numbering twenty-five, was directed by Hazel C. Clark, accompanied by Grace Judd.; A vocal solo "This Is The Place, Dear Utah" was sung by Marian Strictler. The University Ward assisted with the building of the setting and then used the same for their program which followed immediately after the Fourth Ward's presentation.

Photograph submitted by Nina G. Langford,
Secretary-Treasurer, South Ogden Stake Relief Society

SOUTH OGDEN STAKE (UTAH) FOURTEENTH WARD CENTENNIAL QUILT

This beautiful quilt, made of green and taupe satin, was presented to Bishop and Sister Olive Cramer on March 14, 1947, at a party given in appreciation of their many years of service. The quilt, exquisitely bordered with a design of the Utah State flower, the sego lily, is designed to represent the State of Utah, and portrays the sea gull and a covered wagon superimposed upon a map of the State, which shows the outlines of the counties and the principal river systems. The quilt was designed by Luby R. London, Secretary of the Fourteenth Ward Relief Society, and quilted by members of the quilting committee.

Photograph submitted by Christie J. Smith
Relief Society President, Texas-Louisiana Mission

TEXAS-LOUISIANA MISSION, AUSTIN (TEXAS) BRANCH ANNIVERSARY PARTY, MARCH 1947

Standing immediately behind the birthday cake, President Pearl Ghormley; On Sister Ghormley's right and a little behind, is First Counselor Othella Patterson; At Sister Ghormley's left, is Second Counselor Lula Oaks; to the right of Sister Patterson is Secretary Laura Killough.

Others in the picture are: Buena Gildart; Susie Ricks; Mona Watson; Anna Davidson; Sister Jackson (missionary); Grace Manwaring (missionary); Ella Beatty; Sister VanBose; Tempe Mason.

These sisters are very active in Relief Society and in all the work of the branch. The birthday party was held at the home of the branch president, Roy Watson.

Photograph submitted by Christie J. Smith
Relief Society President, Texas-Louisiana Mission

TEXAS-LOUISIANA MISSION, HOUSTON (TEXAS) BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION, MARCH 17, 1947

Seated left to right: Viola Stone; Annabelle Rankin, First Counselor; Bertie Palmer, Second Counselor; Christie J. Smith, Mission President; Lulu Unice, District President; Sadie O. Clark, Branch President; Eloile Stone, Secretary-Treasurer; Sister McLean.

Second row, standing left to right: Sisters Vickers, Shrader, Settle, Tyler, Jelley, Vaughn, Detrick, Clark, Decker, Chalmers, Smith, Ford, Collins, Collins, Burkhardt, Turk, Stephens, Peterson, Hoke, Horn, Carlston, Floyd.

Third row, standing left to right: Sisters Rawson, Franklin, Hoffman, Stevens, Wright, Harper, Bradshaw.

After the very successful anniversary banquet, the Houston Branch presented the one-act play "Results." About 150 women attended the presentation of this drama. A very successful bazaar was held by this branch in December 1946. At this bazaar, the small Relief Society from Goose Creek, Texas, had a booth where they sold cakes, candies, and beautiful pieces of handwork.

Photograph submitted by Christie J. Smith
Relief Society President, Texas-Louisiana Mission

TEXAS-LOUISIANA MISSION, GILMER (TEXAS) BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR

Left to right: Martha Lindsey; Secretary Ruth Ellett; President Flossie Lindsey; First Counselor Charity Amos; Second Counselor Lona Lee.

This bazaar was outstanding in the number and variety of articles displayed, and in the excellent quality of the work. These sisters have also conducted a successful canning project, and they have been zealous in the care of the sick and needy. They have truly lived the gospel and carried out the objectives of Relief Society.

ERRATUM: The note from San Fernando Stake, published on page 205 in the *Magazine* for March 1947, credited the West Glendale Ward with the pictures of the November bazaar. However, these photographs were received from the East Glendale Ward. Under the direction of President Florence Hill Dalton, the members of East Glendale Ward Relief Society made the articles and prepared the beautiful displays on sale at that unusually successful bazaar.

Photograph submitted by Phebe Higbee

SOUTH IDAHO FALLS STAKE, SIXTH WARD CENTENNIAL PARTY, MARCH 17, 1947

The honored guest, Mary L. Hogan, eighty-two years old, is seated in the center. Sister Hogan has served as a visiting teacher for forty years and has taken part in the canning, sewing, and lesson activities of the Society for many years.

Seated at Sister Hogan's left is Bishop Vern Bitter; at the right of Sister Hogan is Secretary Phebe Higbee.

President Sabra Allen stands second from the left in the second row, and First Counselor Mamie Edwards stands second from the right in the second row. Mary Mason, Second Counselor, was ill when this photograph was taken.

JUAB STAKE (UTAH), NEPHI SOUTH WARD ANNIVERSARY PROGRAM
March 9, 1947

Front row, seated left to right: First Counselor Louise Vickers; President Alligee Anderson; Second Counselor Kate Haynes.

Second row, seated left to right: Winnie Belliston; Ethel Jarrett; Beth Ostler; Ida Oakey; Naomi Belliston; Olive Broadhead.

Third row, seated left to right: Ethel Irons; chorister Alice Park; Stella Anderson; accompanist Della Tolley; Anita Park; Hazel Carter; Adele Stanley; Pearl Jenkins.

Fourth row, seated left to right: Laverne Worthington; Zelma Golden; Enid Christensen; Lavere Haynes; Mabel Golden; Lua Stephenson; Ellen Hutchings; Virginia Memmott.

Standing at back: Readers Edna Cazier and Leona Greenhalgh.

Present at the program were 110 women. Ten members of the Singing Mothers chorus were unable to be present because of sickness in their homes.

Chloe N. Bailey is president of Juab Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Vida Waldorf
President, Azalea Branch Relief Society

SOUTHERN STATES MISSION, AZALEA BRANCH, (MOBILE, ALABAMA) RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS ASSEMBLED IN NEW CHAPEL

Front row, seated left to right: Mary Walker; Minnie Roberts; Lavonia Bradford, Second Counselor; Mary E. McIntosh, First Counselor; Vida Waldorf, President; Nina Wilkinson; Katie Parish.

Back row, standing left to right: Esther Johnson; Mattie Finklea; Barbara Walker; Navada Morris; Nancy Dunn; Maggie Greer; Amanda Dearman; Naomi Chatfield; Ruby Godwin.

The members of this Relief Society have reason to be proud of their new chapel. With the proceeds obtained from suppers and bazaars, they were able to supply a good part of the money needed for construction of the chapel. They also helped the brethren clean up the grounds, clean the windows, and decorate the building.

Sister Effie Meeks is president of the Southern States Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Thelma V. Skeen
President, Salem Ward Relief Society

PORTLAND STAKE (OREGON), SALEM WARD RELIEF SOCIETY BIRTHDAY DINNER, MARCH 1947

Standing, twelfth from left, First Counselor, Portland Stake Relief Society, Emma Baxter; twentieth from left, Second Counselor Ellen Warner; fourteenth from left, President, Salem Ward Relief Society, Thelma V. Skeen; eighth from left, First Counselor Louisa M. Veteto; nineteenth from left, Second Counselor Barbara Stumbo.

Seated, in front, fifth from left: Naomi Steed, Secretary Salem Ward Relief Society.

President Thelma V. Skeen reports that the Relief Society anniversary was a particularly happy occasion in the Salem Ward. The dinner was followed by a program and dance for all adult members of the ward.

Photograph submitted by Merle S. Foote,
Secretary, Pleasant View Ward Relief Society

SHARON STAKE (UTAH), PLEASANT VIEW WARD CENTENNIAL PROGRAM

Seated center front: Melba Cluff. Front row seated left to right: Chloe Finlayson; Alice Muhlestein; Lila Brake; Edith Snow; Lucy Tippetts.

Back row, standing left to right: Laura Perry; Mary B. Davis; Ella Muhlestein; Preal Jones; Leah A. Gleason; Florence Allred.

This photograph was taken following the March 1947 Sunday evening service when

the singers and readers wore pioneer costumes. Achsa E. Paxman and Anna B. Hart of the Relief Society General Board and Ruby Hunn, President, Sharon Stake Relief Society attended the program and spoke briefly. Edna M. Hansen is president of the Pleasant View Ward Relief Society and her counselors are Anna S. Ashton and Marian C. Ercanbrack.

Photograph submitted by Alberta O. Doxey
President, Eastern States Mission Relief Society

EASTERN STATES MISSION, SCHENECTADY BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY OPENING SOCIAL, OCTOBER 5, 1946

Front row, seated left to right: Elaine Eckersley; Marilyn Olson; Ruth Morris; Norine Richards; Betty Jean Berbert; June Hopper.

Second row, seated left to right: Barbara Taylor; Beth Thompson; President Bernice Bates; Edith Neal; Olga Hopper; Anna Hicken; Julia Shortridge.

Back row, standing left to right: Levina Barton; Jean Berbert; Margaret Nielson; Margaret Schuster; Vivien Stroble; Wanda Dray; Vera Caulford; Helen Woolf; Bertha Procter; Barbara Housten; Pete Rich.

The Schenectady Branch is one of the largest and most active in the Eastern States Mission. For this opening social an excellent program was presented and the color scheme was carried out in blue and gold. The programs served to introduce the new officers and provide a foreword for the year's activities.

The Prophet Brigham Young

(*Continued from page 366*)

to a humble pioneer who never doubted the power or authority of the giver.

The saints accepted Brigham Young as God's mouthpiece to them, and he never failed them. Securely, upon the rock of revelation, he laid the foundations upon which we must build if we would honor our forebears, the pioneers of these valleys.

PERCEPTION

Clarence Edwin Flynn

Beyond the range of vision beauty dwells;
Beyond the reach of hearing music rings;
Beyond our understanding wisdom tells
The deeper meanings of created things.

Who am I to insist that what appears
Alone is real, or hold life's wonder bound,
Or to deny the music of the spheres,
Because I have no way to catch its sound?

Perhaps another world around me lies,
With higher beings dwelling near to me,
Like certain rays unnoticed by my eyes,
But far more real than are the things I see.

One day death's fingers will unveil my sight,
Unstop my hearing, and unloose my mind.
Then I shall know a universe of light
To which the flesh so long has made me blind.

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Lullaby and Goodnight—Brahms	.10c
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Open The Gates Of The Temple—Knapp	.20c
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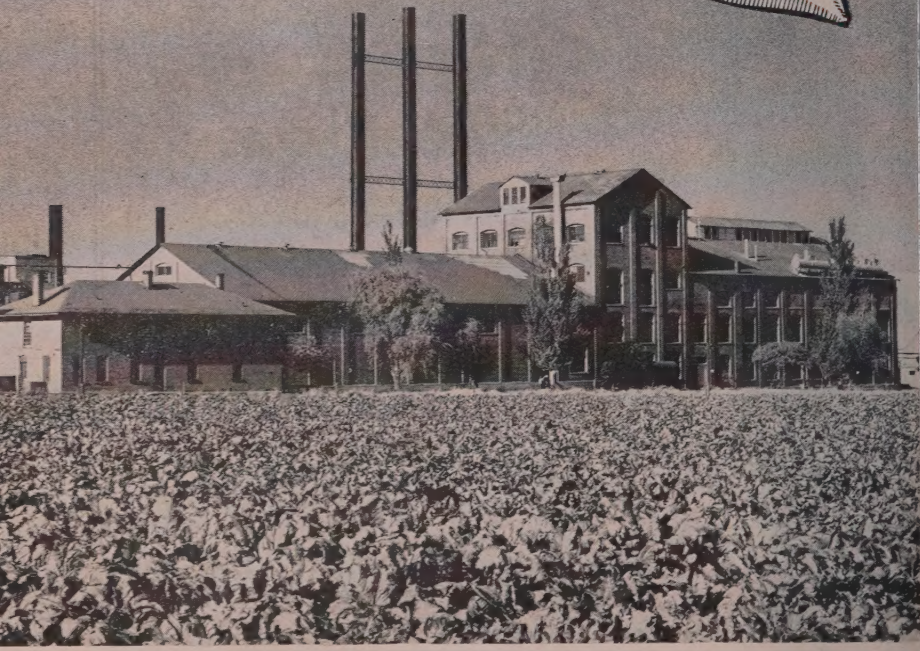

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